

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

15th Year. No. 22.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

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Commissioner.

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MAJOR SOUTHALL,
Provincial Officer, West Ontario Province.

See article on page 6.



THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY TRAVELS.

His Visits to Lindsay, Fenelon Falls, Bowmanville and Oshawa.

Glorious Results in Souls Being Saved—Monday Meeting—The T. S.'s Reputation as a Singer Prevailing.

LINDSAY.

THE visit of Lieut.-Colonel Margrets to Lindsay will not soon be forgotten; our expectations ran high, and we were not disappointed. On Saturday night we created no small stir on the streets and found a nice crowd inside. A rousing volley was fired for the Colonel and another to welcome Capt. Peacock, who has come to help push the war at Lindsay. The Colonel was in for a real live meeting and all present felt the presence of God. The Colonel urged the sinners to decide for God, but none yielded.

7 a.m. on Sunday, we were again besieging the Throne of Grace for God's Spirit to help us for the day.

11 a.m.—From the first song until the finish God's power was felt and the Colonel spoke with force and love. Three knelt at the Mercy Seat and were set free.

3 p.m.—A fine crowd and a powerful meeting, with three more crying for salvation.

730 p.m.—All hearts were lifted to God for help and the Colonel again spoke with lips touched for the occasion by Divine fire. Conviction rested upon the audience, and we again rejoiced over three more seeking pardon and mercy from God. A halloing wind-up, with a couple of tunes from Prof. Lane on his converted cigar box, closed one of the best week-ends we have spent for some time.

FENELON FALLS.

On Monday night we were in for a good time with the Colonel at FENELON FALLS, and a blessed time it was, indeed, to our souls. I am sure the comrades there will not forget that meeting. God's Spirit hovered over the place, and we were all melted to tears. We all say, "God bless the Lieut.-Colonel."—S. Wiggins, D. O.

BOWMANVILLE.

After seven years' absence we were glad to welcome back to our midst Lieut.-Colonel Margrets for a week-end. We had been looking forward with great expectation, and, thank God, we were not disappointed. There were a great many things against us; La Grippe is very prevalent. One doctor, we heard, had as many as one hundred calls in one day, and there is scarcely a house in the town but what some one is down sick. No less than six different funeral notices were tacked up the day the Colonel arrived. However, we had a nice home-like feel at a jolly time at the Saturday night meeting.

A few of us met for knee-drill at 7 a.m. Sunday morning, when God came very near. It was good to be there, but God is ready to forgive the past. We were all dancing happy and wound up by taking hold of each other's hands, singing and making melody unto the Lord.

The afternoon and night meetings were well attended. The Spirit of God strove mightily and tears were seen to flow freely. We believe much

good will result from the Colonel's visit.

OSHAWA.

We were up bright and early Monday morning, and, arriving at the officers' quarters at 9 a.m., found the officers in good spirits over a glorious victory, with two souls in the Fountain on Sunday.

After lunch we wended our way, in company with Captains Barker and Durrach, to the Malleable Iron Works, where the Lieut.-Colonel had been announced to conduct a special noon-day prayer meeting. These works employ over four hundred men at the present time. It was a grand sight to see them running hither and thither over the molten iron, pouring it into the different moulds. We were kindly shown through the whole building and appreciated it very much. After the men had eaten their dinner they gathered together and listened attentively to some songs and a little spiritual talk. They seemed to be a jolly crowd and evidently enjoyed the meeting, especially.

The Colonel's Singing.

with concertina accompaniment. The officers in charge have two meetings a week with these men (we covet them for Jesus).

The night meeting in the barracks was a good spiritual time. There were many present who were under deep conviction, but they would not decide for Christ, so we had to leave them in the hands of God.—J. Jones, D. O.

A Murderer's Testament.

(From the German.)

THIS testimony was written for the German War Cry, from the notes of a man named Hocho, who was convicted of murder and condemned to death. He was beheaded at Bautzen, Saxony, on April 7th, 1907, at six o'clock in the morning.

"Remember, you who are reading this, my last testament, that one speaks to you who is no longer among the living, but one who, at the end of his life, and obtained the knowledge, dearly bought by bitter experience, that the way of transgressors is hard, and the wages of sin is death. Therefore he wishes to warn you who are walking in the broad road to consider, to turn and flee from its delusions.

"I have committed a great crime, and I know I have well merited death, but, when I glance along the road of my life, I must confess that I have not come to this great and terrible sin all at once. Nobody becomes a murderer all at once, and, as I ask myself what was the cause that has driven me to do this terrible deed, I have only one answer:—

Whiskey!

"Slowly it commenced. In my childhood days I was made acquainted with it. My father was a drunkard and after his last drunken spree was found frozen to death in the snow. Fathers, who are drunkards, consider that from your evil habit, the blood, and from your bad example, the life of your children is poisoned. When I left school I learned brick-laying and drinking, for all brick-layers drink whiskey. When I commenced work I was a diligent and reliable laborer, and earned good wages, but the more I earned, the more I spent in drink, and the more

I drank, the less relish and strength I had for work, and so, slowly but surely, I went down hill. I was sent to the House of Correction and the State Prison for different offences, but as soon as I was discharged, I started to drink again. Finally, I gave up work altogether, and made my wife support me. I was satisfied as long as she gave me sufficient money for whiskey. If she did not do so I would beat her. My stepchildren had to fetch me my supply of this liquid damnation early in the morning, before they went to school, and again in the evening when they returned from work. Whiskey was my first thought and my first and last drink of the day.

"I will not speak of all the cruelties and crimes I have committed while under the influence of liquor. I robbed me of all will-power and fed within me everything that was fleshly and bestial, and at last—at last

I Killed My Wife.

And this murder was the last link in the chain of sins and misdeeds which the drink had compelled me to commit. To-morrow I am to be beheaded; I deserve death; I shall die repentant, and God have mercy upon me; but I do not wish to die without giving one more loud cry of warning to all the world. This shall be my testimony to the living which I leave behind me.

"This warning is meant for you, my friends and comrades in drink, who with me have sat and revelled and delighted in this soul-damning liquor. My example shows you the end of the road which you also are travelling. Think away, as I speak, your wife, it is time, and before the drink demon has brought you to the scaffold.

"But this warning is also meant for all of you, my fellow-laborers—bricklayers, carpenters, and every other trade may be. Most of you think that without whiskey you cannot go on, and that a little does not hurt you, as long as one does not take to excess. Well, tell me, can you stop this rolling ball? With little it begins, with much it finishes. I did not commence with quarts. If you want to be healthy men, willing workers, happy fathers of families, and remain such, then away with the waters of hell!

"But my warning is also meant for the distillers and sellers, and all that have to do with the making and hauling of the cursed liquor. Without prayer of conscience you rob the laborer of his hard-earned money, you take out of his pocket his scant wages to fill your purses.

You! Accuse

as accomplices in my crime. I know that you are breaking the staff of the Pharisees over my head, and are washing your hands in innocence, but you will have to answer before the Throne of God with me and for many crimes committed through the agency of your cursed whiskey. You are getting rich from the pennies taken over the counter, but, 'What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses his own soul?' You close up your whiskey stores, shut up your distilleries, bar your saloons! This is my advice, as I stand face to face with Eternity.

"And now, farewell!—This is my last testament. Remember me. I have warned you. 'He that has ears to hear, let him hear!'"

A Despatch from the Port Simpson Indians.

TO AGENT PATTERSON.

Dear Brother,

I was glad to sent you this report. Glory to God, we are still alive in Port Simpson, and the devil knows it too. He tries his best to stop the old chariot from rolling along, yet, thank God, it is still moving, and we know the One Who is on our side is more than all that can be against us. Bless God! In spite of the devil we are having good meetings. Deep conviction and souls are getting converted. Three prodigals came to the great King last night in our 'Ten Virgins' meeting, and had their sins blotted out.

Please put this report on the War Cry and sent one to me. Will you let me know about officers. Please to tell me as soon as you can. I am sorry for you did not receive my picture.

May the Lord Bless you.

I am yours truly,

HENRY W. TATE.

Our Field Officers.

WHY I BECAME A SALVATIONIST.

By CAPT. HANNA.

I am a Salvationist because God spoke peace to my soul after years of rebellion against Him.



CAPTAIN HANNA, Brampton, Ont.

I was at work in that hay pound just near the house when I heard the voice of God speak to me painfully. I said, "Yes, Lord."

"Heaven or hell, which?" I listened—the darkness of hell and its torture were before me.

Then the beauties of heaven, the glories of the throne lit up the place. I said, "If there is a heaven I'll find it. My Lord, I will do anything, only save me from a burning hell." Then the light came streaming into my soul. I felt that heaven had begun. Then I saw the right example to follow—Jesus Christ—instead of professors of religion, whom I used to look at and listen to Sunday after Sunday, and through the week drink distilled damnation and smoke and chew.

Then came the test, the voice of God was heard again, "Follow me." I promised. God said, "Are you willing to go to the farthest corner of the earth?"

I replied, "Yes, Lord, yes!" "Go to the 'Salvation Army.'" I made excuses, but the voice said again, "Go, I will prepare the way."

I have obeyed, I have been going on every day since then. I love my Jesus, my work, and souls, and am willing to go anywhere He leads me. I am still in my first love, for which I give God all the glory.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. HOOKER, Wallace, Ida.

Once, when food was scarce, the Captain and his wife climbed from 800 to 1,000 feet up the mountains and gathered 24 gallons of huckleberries, which they sold at \$1 per gallon, and so replenished their cupboard.

Mrs. Hooker is a great War Cry hooper, and often walks from 12 to 14 miles to sell that messenger of salvation. "We are going in to thrash the old devil and to have victory, regardless of all opposition," is the Captain's closing sentence in a letter to the Editor.

"I'll fixed we are not free. The acorn must be earthed ere the oak will develop. The man of faith is the man who has taken root."—Thomas Lynch.

my Journal.

BY THE GENERAL.

Saturday, Jan. 21st, 1890.

Everything is arranged for our leaving International Headquarters. Good-byes have been spoken all round. The gate that had been blowing all night seems to have moderated, and the railway people have assured us that the afternoon boat will certainly sail from Folkestone. But ten minutes before we leave the announcement is brought in that the storm in the Channel will not allow any boat to get across; and, therefore, whether we like it or not, the journey must be postponed for that day, at least.

All night the wind roared and rattled with continuous blasts, and the probability that the steamer "Prins Regent Leopold," in which our passages are booked, having to sail from Naples without us, presented itself. However, I hoped in Providence, and did my best to get something like a decent night's sleep, and by nine a.m. the following day we were at our way to Folkestone, where we round the sea quite quieted down, and, after a good deal of shaking, inside and out, we managed to get across the silver streak and on to Paris.

PARIS.

I found my daughter Lucy wonderfully bright and well, all things considered, while Commissioner Leupold was in good spirits. If he had not all the success to report which he desired, and which he knew would satisfy the General, he reckoned that his figures showed real progress, and justified hopes for a brighter future.

NAPLES AT LAST.

Wednesday, Jan. 25th.

There are half-a-dozen cities in the world a sight of which I have had a little curiosity to gain, but which have not, as yet, lain along the track of my life's travels. Naples, into which we came at 1:30 to-day, is one of these. And now that I am here I find that I shall have little time to look at anything remarkable, either in the city or surrounding country, seeing that business and writing have taken up the whole of the afternoon and we sail (D. V.) to-night. But I have seen enough to justify to the utmost all that I have read or heard in praise of its glorious bay, and that is saying a great deal. After the hurried glance I have been able to give it, I am bound to confess that I have arrived at the conclusion that it is the most beautiful sheet of water I have as yet had the privilege of looking upon; and I think I understand how the saying has come to be a proverb, "See Naples, and then die."

MOUNT VESUVIUS.

About fifteen miles from the city, black and threatening, there towers up the celebrated Mount Vesuvius. Looked at from the verandah of our room in which I write this, you have two mountain-peaks, and up the side of one of these, nearly at the summit, is situated the mouth, or crater, of the volcano. At the present moment Vesuvius is in eruption; that is, the fires that are ever burning in the bowels of the mountain, emitting continuously volumes of smoke, and from which there occasionally bursts forth, with lurid flames, streams of lava, composed of molten stone, mineral and other matter. These streams are running down the mountain sides at the present time to the terror of the poor people living there, or in the immediate neighborhood. And they may well be terrified, because they know all about the destruction of the City of Pompeii, which took place over two thousand years ago, caused by an eruption of the same volcano, which came on so suddenly that no one had the opportunity to escape. The whole city was buried and nothing was known of it, until in later years, excavations were made and the ruins discovered just as they were when the fiery deluge overtook them.

A FIERY SIGHT.

I am staying for the hour or two we have to wait for the departure of our steamer with Staff-Capt. Gordon and his dear wife, who love Italy, and

spend most of their time there, doing what they can to help forward the Salvation Army, and, while writing the foregoing, Mrs. Gordon called me into the next room saying that the flames issuing from the volcano could now be seen, and there, sure enough, glowing like a great furnace, although fifteen miles away, was the burning mountain; and while I gazed at the sight I thought of the streams of death that were issuing forth. I wondered how people could be so foolish as to live on the very verge of such destruction. And then I thought also of the multitudes who around me everywhere

are living on the very verge of the Bottomless Pit, where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched, and prayed that God might stir me up, and stir my comrades everywhere to labor night and day to persuade men and women to come away from the road that leads to damnation.

"ALL ON BOARD."

Later.

We are just going on board. I am fortunate in having so good a ship, and a staff of comrades so anxious to do all that is possible to minister to my comfort, and to assist me in the realization of any plan of usefulness that is on my mind with respect to the journey. And more than this, how highly favored I am in possessing comrades all round the world who day by day will be praying for my preservation and well-being. Good-bye, dear comrades of Europe! I have bid you farewell before, but I repeat it again and again. Remember our motto for 1890 is, "On, on, and still on!"

Bulletin of Siege Captures

Gathered from the Corps Reports.

Central Ontario Province.

Twelve Souls.

LINDSAY.—Siege and souls all the talk. 12 captured since the Siege began. Soldiers desperate and sinners getting alarmed. Going in to do something remarkable.—S. Wiggins, Adjt.

Seven Souls.

COLLINGWOOD.—7 souls since the Siege began. Crowds and interest increasing. Soldiers happy. Devil mad.—W. Clark, R. C.

One Soul.

UNBRIDGE.—Siege opened well. One backslider the first Sunday. Officers and soldiers united. Four held up their hands for prayer at night. Capt. Nelson paid us a visit. Lieut. Wadge down with La Grippe.—M. L.

Six Souls.

LISGAR ST. all alive. Everybody feeling the effects of our Siege. Six souls at night. Had a real good dance. 37 in the march. Monday night three prayer meetings in different houses.—Mrs. Stickells.

One Soul.

OMEMEE.—One soul on Saturday night. Good marches on Sunday. Lieut. Kempe farewelled after a very short stay.—R. C.

Four Souls.

LIPPINCOTT.—Good day on Sunday. Four souls since the Siege began.—F. Smith, Cadet.

East Ontario Province.

Five Souls.

PICTON.—Glorious week. War Cry sold out. (Good buy!—Ed.) One backslider on Wednesday. Duell's stocking meeting on Saturday. Four more souls on Sunday night. Soldiers taking hold of the Siege well. God bless them all!—Sims and Norman.

One Soul.

MOHRISBURG.—Welcome to Capt. La. Held on Sunday. Beautiful meetings. Excited about the Siege. Had a visit from Brigadier Bennett. Very much appreciated. "Come again!"—Lieut. Newell.

Two Souls.

MONTREAL 1.—Organizing carefully. Every soldier joined in the covenant. Two souls on Sunday night. Thank God for War Cry profit!—Nemus.

Nine Souls.

CHURCHWALL.—Couldn't wait for the Siege! Nine souls saved. Some in cottage meetings, others in visitation, and others in the meetings. Sev-

eral very exceptional cases. We are going to bring others in.—E. B.

Four Souls.

ARNPRIOR.—Just had a very glorious week. One saved at kneedril, three more at night. All got gloriously through. The spiritual thermometer is rising.—S. A. Mc.

One Soul.

BLOOMFIELD.—Our new officers to the front. Big crowds and good collections. One soul.—G. Hall.

Two Souls.

ROSE HOPE. Things looking very much brighter. Kneedril going up. Converts doing well. Had a visit from Bro. Gaumont, of Montreal, with his talking machine. Two souls on Sunday night.—Minnie B.

West Ontario Province.

Two Souls.

WINDSOR.—Doing well. Sold out War Crys and have to increase our order. (Shake, Brother, Ed.) Had a visit from P. O. Major Southall. Everybody delighted. Two souls.—Silver Spray.

Two Souls.

RIDGE TOWN.—Two backsliders on Sunday night. Had a visit from Mrs. Major Southall on Wednesday night. Enjoyed it very much.—K. Watt, R. C.

Three Souls.

MITCHELL.—God is with us. Three souls on Wednesday at the prayer meeting.—Capt. Mathers.

Three Souls.

DRAYTON.—Good times here. Our hearts cheered by seeing three souls at the Mercy Seat on Sunday night. Had a good week. Juniors' Corps getting along well. Prospects for the Siege all O. K.—C. Jarvis.

One Soul.

BERLIN.—Hard at word for the Siege. Converts getting along nicely. One soul since last report.—H. Oberer.

One Soul.

PARIS.—The Siege is on and we are fighting. Capt. Coy and wife to the front. Sister Smith sold after War Cry in one bar-room. (Hallelujah!—Ed.) One soul on Sunday.—W. M.

Seven Souls.

BLENNHEIM.—Siege started several days before the appointed time. Capt. made a new penitent form for the Siege converts. Two souls the

first Sunday. Had a visit from Major Southall. Much appreciated. Everybody delighted. Finished with five souls.—Ina Groom.

Pacific Province.

One Soul.

REVELSTOCK.—Siege opened a real earnest. One soul at night. Captain Gings farwelled.—Steve, R. C.

Four Souls.

BELLINGS.—Left Victoria and got to this place with an atmosphere of 40° below zero. Siege getting under way fine. Three Juniors and one Senior. Will reach our Siege target.—Adjt. Ayre.

One Soul.

ANACONDA.—Started the Siege with one backslider. Adjt. Hay with us week-end. Many under conviction.—Cadet Lloyd.

Two Souls.

NELSON.—Firing hot and heavy. Siege began. Two prisoners taken. You will hear more of us.—George Dixon.

Three Souls.

SHERIDAN.—No officers here for New Year's. We are hard at work. Three souls saved. Capt. Myers and Lieut. Tracy arrived.—H. C. Burks.

Three Souls.

MISSOULA.—Three souls since last report. Capt. Bailey and Lieut. Floyd had the people very kind.

North-West Province.

One Soul.

WINNIPEG.—Siege progressing. Bar-tender out for salvation. Murders and crowds very good in spite of the cold. Bro. and Sister Crushaw have lost their little child.

One Soul.

JAMESTOWN.—One backslider. We are not forgetting the Siege.—Lieut. E. McConnell.

Two Souls.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.—Had a brush with the enemy. Five souls for the blessing and two for salvation.—J. C. H.

One Soul.

LETHBRIDGE.—One soul. We are believing for more. We are in good trim.—A. R.

Six Souls.

WINNIPEG.—Capt. LeDrew fell through trap door, sustained a few broken bones, but is progressing well. Staff-Capt. Galt commissioned 21 Lieut. Officers. Six souls on Sunday night.

Two Souls.

PAGO.—Major McMillan and Adjt. Cass with us. Siege started. Two souls.—M. H. S.

Three Souls.

OAKES.—Three souls in the Fountain. Hallelujah! Major McMillan and Adjt. Cass with us for two nights.—E. S. Bly.

One Soul.

EDMONTON.—Still alive. One backslider returned. Others convicted. Deeply interested in Siege.—Alice Pearce, Capt.

Eastern Province.

Five Souls.

MOULTON, Me.—Successful Basket Society. Five souls Sunday night. Others coming.—E. White, R. C.

Twenty-Six Souls.

ST. JOHN III.—Wonderful victories. 26 souls since last Tuesday. Place on fire.—G. Chandler.

Newfoundland Province

Eight Souls.

JACKSON'S COVE.—Glorious times. 15 for a clean heart, 8 for salvation.—T. Pitcher, Capt.

MOULTON, Maine.—Ensign Perry with us on Friday, January 20th. Conducted a lantern service entitled the "Gipsy Girl," which was very good. Cadet Adams has farwelled for his Training Garrison.—Emily White, Corps Cor.

A Game of Chance.

A Service of Song.

BY ADJUTANT PAGE.

Altogether.

Begone, vain world (B.J. 101).

FAIRYLAND—or something closely akin to it. Floral festoons hung from the roof, flags of all nations decked the walls. Sweet strains from stringed instruments and ripples of ringing laughter mingled harmoniously below. Although the half-playful traffic going on necessitated the clink of coin and the rustle of parcel-tissue, there was little else to suggest anything so serious as a mart. In reality it was the Annual Fancy Fair in aid of Northover's old-established orphanage. One of the butterfly throngs of young ladies acting as saleswomen had fluttered her gauze-like draperies to the entrance to greet a new-comer.

"Ah, Mr. Stewart," she exclaimed, shaking hands with a grey-haired and somewhat grave gentleman, "how good of you to come! Isn't it a perfect paradise?"

"I am afraid your comparison is rather unfortunate, Miss Brown," he returned. "Paradise is not quite perfect, you remember. The serpent spoiled it. I wonder," he added thoughtfully, "if there is one lurking behind some of these needless merriments."

"I am sure I hope not," said little Miss Brown, her pretty lips pouting. "If there is one I haven't seen him yet."

And she ran away with a rather stippit apology that she must see no such monster devoured the good things under her care.

Solo and Chorus.

Oh, ye young, ye gay, ye proud,
You must die and wear a shroud.
Time will rob you of your bloom,
Death will drag you to the tomb,
Then you'll weep and wish to be
Happy in eternity.

Half an hour later another new-comer pushed his way through the turnstile. This was an altogether new experience for Dick Newnes. He was a young and struggling clerk, and a complimentary ticket given by his employer had secured him the night's entertainment—his first real taste of gaiety. He was fairly dazzled by the varied beauties of the spacious hall. Dick was small and shy, and as he had no purse to meet the absurdly high prices he saw all around him, he felt for some minutes rather dull and alone. He almost wished he had not come—he had had to break the prayer meeting engagement which he had promised when he left home always to follow.

While thus thinking he had gravitated towards a group of young people surrounding what he first took to be an auction desk, but which he afterwards found was a table. A small gloved hand was outstretched to him—it was Miss Brown's.

"How do you do, Mr. Newnes?" "He had met at some social a few weeks previous," and the young lady was noted for a good memory for faces and an affable recognition of them. "Just in time to drop your quarter into the bag of luck, for that silk shawl we are raffling for."

"Never take in a game of chance, my boy. It will unpin your principles quicker than anything else." This intemperate reflection of a father's advice caused Dick to hesitate.

Chorus (Platform only).

Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin,
Each victory will help you
Some other to win.
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Lose ever to Jesus,
He will carry you through.

Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

"Oh, come, be quick," said the thoughtless little temptress at his elbow. "It's only fun, you know. Wouldn't your mother just look lovely in that shawl? You are not stingy, surely?"

He was not, though he had but one quarter left after paying board lodging and car fares. Besides he loved his mother passionately, and, of course, longed to make her a present. Conscience went into his pocket, the quarter tumbled out of it—into Miss Brown's velvet bag.

That night Dick Newnes walked home with a carefully-wrapped tissue paper package under his arm. He had won the shawl. He wondered how he should account for its purchase to his mother, and had a strange mixture of shame at the thought of paying 25 cents for a \$10 shawl, and exultation at being the one winner against thirty-nine losers.

Some years later, Dick is seven and twenty and a married man. In his dainty little suburban villa his young wife awaits his home-coming. Her beauty has taken a more womanly grace, but it is not hard to recognize the Alice Brown of former days. She yawns over her sewing and glances at the clock. The hands point to after midnight. With a start she



"... HE IS A RUINED MAN."

throws her work aside and peers through the window. Outside all is silent and dark. No sound of the well-known foot-fall for which she waits.

"Strange what keeps him so often," she says to herself. "It is very lonely for both of us that he has to work such late hours."

It is not until nearly two that the master of the house comes in. His eyes glitter—his manner is agitated and nervous. He seems more annoyed than pleased that his wife has waited for him. She arranges the late supper and attends to his wants. But her eyes are misty as she pours the coffee, and her voice is very steady as she says:

"Couldn't I do something to help you with your writing, Dick—so that you could work at home on an evening?"

"God forbid that you should help me," exclaims her husband, with what seems unnecessary vehemence. "The—writing will come out all right. Alice, anyway, never forget that I do it for your sake."

Solo and Chorus.

What if I will not salvation seek?
What if I will not hear conscience speak?
What if God's talents and time I waste?
What if I sin away days of grace?
Oh, what will the judgment be?

Going to judgment with salvation light.

Going to judgment for not doing right;
Dreadful the sentence, "Depart from Me!"
Sad, ah! I said will the judgment be.

What if I will not take up my cross?
What if I will not let my soul be lost?
What if I sink in the burning flame?
There will be none but myself to blame.

Oh, what will the judgment be?

Two weeks later—the same room—the same hour—the same watching woman. But to-night her face is flushed with anger, pride and shame. The nature of her husband's nightly business has been revealed. Through a word dropped by the office watchman, she heard that her husband's desk was unopened after six o'clock. Suspicious and alarmed, Alice made further enquiries, and after some difficulty learned her husband's business—it was a private billiard room, and she was a gambler's wife. Oh, the shame, the degradation of the thought! Alice was tingling with it when her husband entered, and immediately began to upbraid him on the strength of her discovery. Newnes was in no mood to be scolded. He had lost more than he had gained that night, and drank heavily.

"Fine thing to scold a man for looking after his wife. Did you think this house was kept up by air—the dress-maker's bills and the girl's wages paid out of my old salary? THAT would barely pay the rent. I have to do something to supplement my income."

"We could cut down," said Alice.

"Cut down—what?" retorted her husband. "You and I have lost our taste for simple food, simple dress, and simple comfort. We MUST have these things, and I MUST pay for

tionist, and she said, as she folded her bundle again:

"Do you know Jesus?"

Chorus (Platform only) Softly.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear,
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast,
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

The poor, stricken heart before her broke at the question. Hastily seizing her visitor's hand she led her to the parlor and there sobbed out her story. "It's all my own fault," she wailed. "I see it now, oh, can He forgive one so wicked as I?"

On her knees that afternoon, with her new friend's arm around her, Alice proved He could and did. And she had about her room, and still—

but strong to face the worst. She had not long to wait. The worst was right at hand. Three nights later her husband failed to return at the usual hour. Three—four o'clock passed—she waited till the grey dawn looked in on her kneeling figure—but still he did not come.

Solo and Chorus.

Death is at hand thy life to demand,
When heaven for the Saviour to find;
No longer delay, you're passing away,
And Satan your soul waits to bind.

Oh, wilt thou die?

Awful despair thy bosom will tear
When heaven for the Saviour to find;
For ever shut out in darkness and doubt,
Then hell everlasting thy doom!

In the gambling room that night Dick Newnes had staked his all—and lost, all his possessions, one by one, till the wedding presents, the furniture, the pretty home itself, were all pledged to pay the winner. One chance was left. The thousands that he had put on a horse running that very night, might yet redeem him. Wine flowed freely—under its delusive stimulus he could not give up hope. At least a hurried ring at the bell—telegraph boy enters. Newnes tears the message open. His lips turn blue—his head reels—his horse has lost—he is a ruined man!

And a doomed one—for the shock seems freezing his blood and fastening fetters on his pulse. The room is swimming—voices seem far away—thoughts maddening in their speed rush through his brain—it seems as though on air fire with them. "Alice homeless—his name disgraced—his honor—"

The door opens—his wife, white with watching and search, comes in. The panting man staggers towards her.

"Alice—forgive!" he gasps. "Oh, God, have—"

But the word "mercy" will not come. With a groan he falls dead at her feet.

His game is up.

Solo and Chorus.

Too late! Too late!
Thy day of grace is ended,
Thy time for mercy is o'er,
And from thy soul is rendered
The lingering ray of hope.

Chorus.

Too late! Mercy gone. Too late!
Judgment come,
Shut without the golden gate. Just too late!

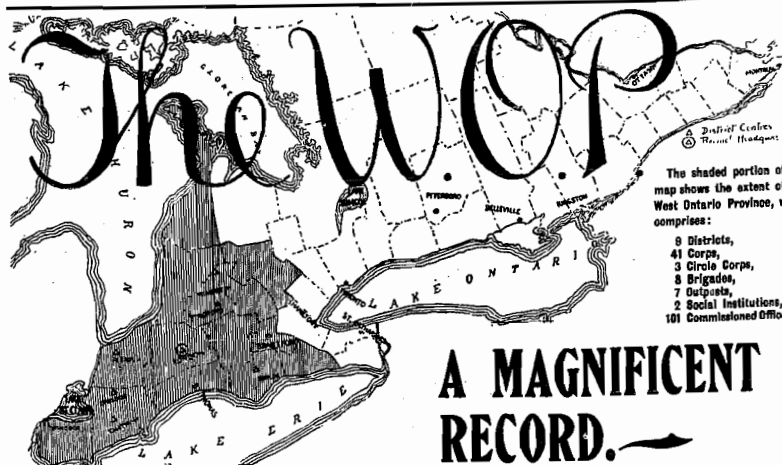
My tale is told. Two words remain for me to say.

There may be some in this meeting, who, like Alice, have played with such a world of sin, and yet, remember that to do the same. Let such remember that the damage done by a thoughtless influence can never be undone.

To you, young man or old—I care not what your age, your ability, or as you may term it, your good luck you who have got in the vortex of gambler's beginnings, and blinded by its twofold curse of drink yet think to win, I would only say, remember that "in such an hour as ye think not" you may LOSE—and lose eternally.

Chorus, Softly.

The world has nothing left to give,
It has no new, no pure delight;
Oh, try the life which Christians live,
Then wouldst be saved, why not tonight?



A MAGNIFICENT RECORD.

THAT section of the Canadian battlefield known as the West Ontario Province has focussed the attention of the War Cry readers in the magnificent record of its gallant Army, who maintained such a splendid lead against "all comers" in the Competition List. It has not only excelled itself in this,

however, but has furnished a splendid record of progression and advance in many other respects.

This Province comprises all Canadian Territory west of Brantford and Guelph to the Detroit and St. Clair Rivers, and is bounded by Lake Erie on the south and Lake Huron on the north and north-west.

Districts.

BRANTFORD.—Adj. Coombs has just been appointed as District Officer.



This is the largest District (except the London) for population. From a manufacturing standpoint, it is also the most flourishing. It has three brass bands in its six corps—Galt taking the lead. We have a good, solid corps here, with a fine set of Local Officers. It is a busy manufacturing town, principally in moulding and iron working, engines of all descriptions and safes being the principal industries. Guelph also is quite a manufacturing town. A fine Army work has been done here. Hespeler is a busy little place—its two woolen mills employing over a thousand hands. The Army is much appreciated here. Berlin is a thriving town, and is destined to become an important corps, although its record has been rather fluctuating. Paris, with its brave little band of soldiers, continues to plod along—small, but faithful, may be said of this corps.

CHATHAM.—Ensign Bale has just been appointed to this District. The central corps (Chatham) has a real, old-fashioned Army backbone to it. A splendid work has been done, and but for the depression that has existed in this section for some years, would probably stand second to none in the Province. The soldiers are of the Blood-and-Fire stamp. The band are a fine set of fellows—and



pray as well as play—and they know how to do both. Ridgeway is a bright little town, and with the new property—barracks and quarters—purchased about a year ago, will go on to all its mission more efficiently. Blenheim is coming along nicely, and promising well for a brighter future. Tilbury is feeling keenly the extreme depression, and is making a brave pull for existence.

DRESDEN.—This District is run from P. H. Q. The central corps has had quite a revival of late, and though the depression common around this part has depopulated the town in some measure—a condition the Army always feels—it has made some advances. Wallaceburg is going ahead commercially and Salvation Army'ly. Both well is pulling up nicely, and there is a new air of activity and prosperity about it.

PALMERSTON.—Ensign Orchard is the director of affairs in these northern regions. Is not particularly ten miles or so when he starts out on a walk. He gets a round by some means, and does not stick at any set method of locomotion. He is on the look-out for some fresh place to attack. If the Arctic travellers don't hurry up and reach the "Pole" they will find Ensign Orchard there ahead of them, and the "yellow, red and blue" attached to the North Pole, or some other pole.

A good work has been done in all these northern towns—particularly the central corps, where a number of drink victims have been saved, some of whom are now in heaven. The condition of these towns is much the same as compared with their population. This northern district is very difficult in many respects. Money is scarce, and the populations have decreased, which accounts for the depression which seems to have the effect of making people indifferent to appeals for practical sympathy, or to those higher appeals which pertain to their soul's welfare. Hence the work is difficult financially, and soul-saving is not as successful as in other sections of the Province of West Ontario. The main feature is farming, and the soil in many sections is poor.

PETRIOLIA.—Ensign Wakefield took charge of this District at the recent change. The central corps is good, and has some fine soldiers. The townspeople are very genial, generous and warm-hearted, which accounts for the work having always maintained an efficient standing. Some splendid cases of conversion have taken place, and the work continues to go on. Barina is rather difficult, but has mellowed towards the Army during the past two years. Forest has had a good work done, but is rather fluctuating. Theodora has a good, solid band of soldiers, and the town is very friendly. Vinton is very small in population, and our little Salvation band bravely plod along, making the

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SOME INTERESTING

FACTS AND FIGURES

CONCERNING THE

West Ontario Province.

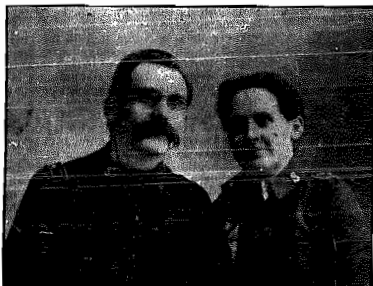
223 Saved Drunkards; 3,436 years of Drunkenness and 2,009 years of Sobriety and Industry represented in the same lives.

WANTED.—A mathematician to give correct estimate of the above in evil influences checked and thrown on the side of righteousness.

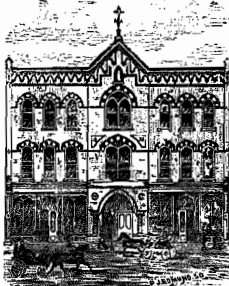
Our Paper War.—Fifteen readers of the War Cry in every 100 of the population, or 25,000 weekly readers.

\$6,000 in the two annual financial efforts, or 3 cents per head of population.

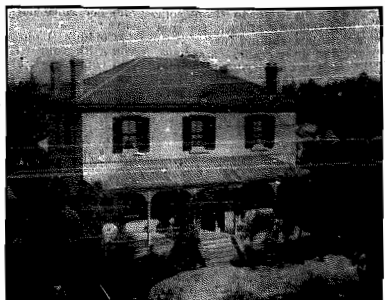
40 Corps with a total population of less than 200,000.



STAFF-CAPTAIN and MRS. PHILLIPS, Chancellors.



LONDON CITADEL.



LONDON RESCUE HOME.

most of the little opportunities of the present, which means greater ones entrusted in the future.

STRATFORD.—Adj. Hughes has just jumped from salubrious Chatham into classic Stratford, and will have command of one of the best Districts in the Province. The central corps is a gem, and has a backbone in its Local Officers soldiers and bandmen that the devil would like to break—but it's

made of something stronger than tape. We shall hear of some marked advances from here in the near future. This is a great railway town, and, as a rule, railway men are generous towards the Army, which might have something to do with the high place the Army holds in the sympathy and respect of the community. And what wonder? What a mighty work has been done!

Seaforth, too, has its record. A minister of a certain evangelist church stated in the pulpit not long ago, that there was no need of the Army in that town. The books give the following results among saved drunkards alone:

46 cases.
Arrested (about) 45 times.
240 years spent in drunkenness.
Converted 93 years.
12 are rattlepayers.
12 are soldiers.
4 are members of other deceptions.

We leave the matter for our readers to decide. These figures give A PART of the work done for ONE CLASS alone. If he wanted further results he had but to look over the congregation and he would see quite a little of the Army's work from which he was getting the most benefit. And in that Seaforth stands by no means alone.

Clifton and Goderich have had a fair quota of saved drunkards. The former has an efficient band and a fine lot of soldiers. The latter has not many soldiers but the community are very favorable to the Army. Towards the shores of Lake Huron the winter is rather a dull season, and the officers have to keep their eyes open and their brains active to keep out of debt. Bayfield, with its few hundred of population has a fine little Blood-and-Fire corps.

SIMCOE.—Adj. Myles has held the affairs of this District for the past year. The central corps has some real old "stand-bys," and a good work has been done. Woodstock has been coming along nicely, and with several local improvements made during the past year, promises to rise to its former glory as a star of the first magnitude. Speed on, thou sparkling diamond, and rest not till thou hast journeyed past the clouds of stagnation and reach the position where thy light shall no longer be dimmed! The band is coming on nicely. Tilsonburg is still marching on, though Norwiche is catching up, and may surprise a few if they don't get a better gallop.

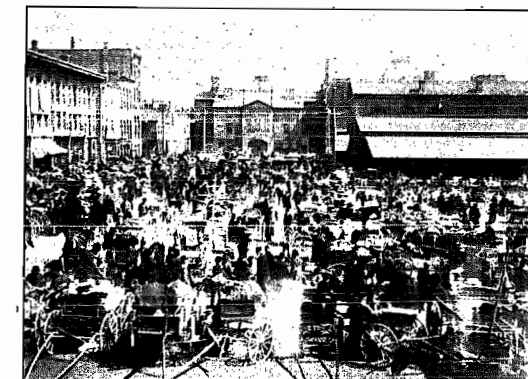
(We regret being unable to obtain a photo of the District Officer.—E.L.)

WINDSOR.—Ensign McHarg has held the reins of this District for some months. Progress is marked in all the affairs of the District. The central corps is doing well, and a good work has been done. It is quite a manufacturing town, but outside of it there is little but farming, and that has given way considerably to the demands of a degenerating industry—tobacco growing. The latter does not promise to become of permanent importance. Essex and Leamington are doing well, and the work of the past 12 or 14 years is still being added to, while the element of permanency in the results that have been accomplished was never more marked than now.



LONDON.—This District is run from P. H. Q. The central corps has a fine lot of soldiers—about 120 on the roll. A fine work has been accomplished. The brass band is a model for unity, hard work, and readiness to rally to any effort for the extension of the Kingdom. Moreover, they hold the championship of the Dominion in the late Self-Denial effort. The Army holds a warm place in the appreciation of the citizens, and the press is very favorable. St. Thomas is doing well and continues to add to its former triumphs, though our work cannot be

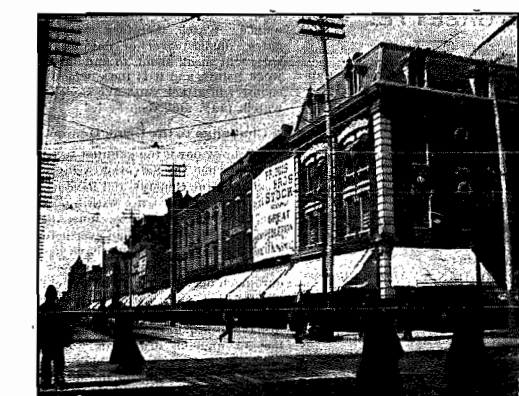
always been a prominent feature of the corps. Strathroy and Watford are coming along nicely, and show some improvement—especially the former. Things are quiet commercially, which has the usual effect upon our operations, but it is a tribute to the Army's government, economy, and discipline, that a young concern can meet and survive these trying disadvantages.



MARKET SQUARE, LONDON, ONT.

The x marks our favorite open-air stand.

properly estimated because of the transient character of a part of its population. Since the opening of the new barracks new interest has been created and the crowds have increased. Ingersoll is distinctly an Army town. They believe in the Blood-and-Fire. The commercial standing of the town is well maintained, and thus a good backbone has



DUNDAS STREET, LONDON, ONT.

always been a prominent feature of the corps. Strathroy and Watford are coming along nicely, and show some improvement—especially the former. Things are quiet commercially, which has the usual effect upon our operations, but it is a tribute to the Army's government, economy, and discipline, that a young concern can meet and survive these trying disadvantages.

Capt. Smith, the Cashier, is a product of the Berlin corps (Ont.) He is quite an artist, and can turn his hand to almost anything. Has been in the service about five years.

Thus in the five members of the Provincial Staff, there are about 70 years of S. A. warfare represented.

Our Brave Officers.

*Did he not sometimes almost sink beneath
The burden of his toil, and turn aside
To keep above his sacrifice, and cast
A sorrowing glance upon his childhood's home—
Still press in memory! Clung not to his heart
Someaking of earthly hope untried?
Of earthly thought unshaken? Did he bring
Life's warm affections to the sacrifice—
His love, hope and service—and become as one
Enslaved to dust and a perishing world,
No love but of the sin-and-pain and soul,
No hope but of the winning back to life
Of the dead nations, and no passing thought
Save of the errand wherewith he was sent
As to a martyrdom.*

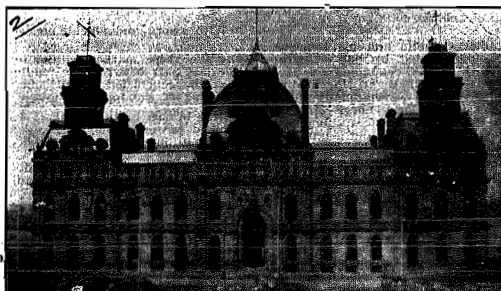
Nothing could better express the necessary price paid by our officers than these lines of the poet, who penned them in honor of a friend who had gone as a missionary to India. The conditions of unfettered service for God have always been, and are everywhere the same. The Saviour of



MRS. MAJOR SOUTHALL.

the world could not save Himself, and the world has not changed its attitude to those who condemn its folly and wrongs, its hypocrisy and pride, etc. While the world loves its sin, and people continue to plume themselves in the "fool's paradise" of carnal security, it will hate and despise those who disturb their momentary pleasure—and curse those who tell them they are slumbering on a volcano. "The servant is not above his lord," is a mighty philosophy which has its application to the latter end of the nineteenth century as in the first. Still, these "saviours" of others accept the conditions without murmuring, rejoicing in the results of the present-lives blessed and brightened—and are

(Continued on page 12.)



LONDON TOWN HALL.

In this building happened the terrible catastrophe of December 31st, 1897. A mass meeting was being held relative to the Mayoralty election, when the beam supporting the floor gave way and precipitated hundreds of people into the basement. About two hundred people were killed and wounded.

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

Lieutenant Ruth Crego to be Captain.

Lieutenant Wm. Owen to be Captain.

Lieutenant Brown to be Captain.

Lieutenant Sleeth to be Captain.

Lieutenant Glover, Hillsboro, to be Captain.

Cadet Habbirk, Rat Portage, to be Lieutenant.

Cadet Oakley, Hamilton Rescue Home, to be Lieutenant.

Appointments—

ADJT. JORDAN, of Toronto Rescue Home, to Halifax Rescue Home.

ENSIGN BECKSTEAD, resting, to Helena Rescue Home.

ENSIGN CUMMINS, G. B. M. Agent North-West Province, to Neepawa Corps.

ENSIGN ANNIE HAYES, Regina, to Devil's Lake Corps and District.

Capt. Glover to Bismarck.

Capt. Crego to Trenton.

Capt. Owen to Sunbury.

Capt. Brown to Perth.

Capt. Sleeth to Prescott.

Lieut. Habbirk to Bismarck.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



The Siege.

Gathering Force.

Again we are able to report an increase in the enthusiasm, energy and direct results of the Siege during the past week. The Commissioner's meetings in Newfoundland have set our forces on the island blazing with white-hot zeal, and all previous records have been eclipsed. From Provincial centre, District Officers and corps of all grades, messages have come which unmistakably indicate that the Siege tactics are being carried out with telling effect. This is as it should be. We have light on our side, and, although in carnal warfare brute force often triumphs over a righteous cause, yet, in our spiritual warfare we know it to be an indis-

putable fact that Right always triumphs. Watch, therefore, the devil's gates; under cover of darkness his spies will sneak about, to find out your weak points, and it is there where the enemy will attack you. We say again, watch, pray, and keep at it!

A Challenge to the Drink Demon.

We threw down the gauntlet to King Alcohol when the Salvation Army was started by the General, and have never been considered a truce with him, but during Drink Week we must fight him more desperately than ever before. During the past week we have had a united effort for the improvement of our machinery for winning the children for God, and so prevent the making of drunkards; this week we want to have a desperate rally all along the line to unmake drunkards. Let us hunt up in every conceivable manner, button-hole and bring to the meetings the slaves of strong drink, and if the lines laid down in the Hand-Book are carefully and intelligently followed, the liberation of these victims on a gigantic scale should be the result. From the human side of it, our success will depend altogether on the amount of hard work and thought put into the effort.

Make Use of the Cry.

This edition contains material for two interesting meetings: I.—The Commissioner's, which should be read on the Sunday afternoon (see Notes to Officers on this page). II.—A Service of Song on page 5. This was announced in the Hand-Book as "Phantoms," but for plausible reasons that subject has been reserved for another occasion, when we shall be able to print it as an entirely novel and unique service. Will Officers note that the Service of Song is intended for Monday, Feb. 27th, not the 20th, as mentioned in the Hand-Book.

EASTERN SIEGE WIRE.

St. John, N. B., Jan. 11, '90.

The War Cry.

Salvation Temple,

Toronto.

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE HAS JUST CONDUCTED MOST PROFITABLE FOUR DAYS' STAFF AND FIELD COUNCILS. OVER NINETY OFFICERS PRESENT. SIEGE, JUNIOR WAR, AND PUBLICATION SYSTEM RECEIVED SPECIAL ATTENTION. OFFICERS ENTHUSIASTIC, AND CAN BE RELIED UPON TO PUSH



LATEST WIRE!

ST. JOHNS, Nfld., Feb. 10.

Field Commissioner's Tour around Bay was a gigantic success and excelled her previous visit. Halls far too small. Soul-stirring addresses. Captivates audiences. Children take immense. Packed buildings till midnight. Crowd welcomed Commissioner at station. British Hall packed long before meeting. Admission ten cents. Souls at every place. Soldiers all on fire. Siege Booming.

J. D. SHARP.



NOTE TO OFFICERS.

Respecting the Reading of the Field Commissioner's Article.

Officers should, if at all possible, arrange for three different people to read the Field Commissioner's article, "Drink's Triple Trail," each person to read one of the parts marked: Drink's World, Drink's Work, and Drink's Woe.

It will considerably add to the effect of the reading to introduce a song at the end of each section. The following songs will be appropriate:

To be sung when the first part, "Drink's World," has been read:

SOLO.

To the front, the cry is ringing.
To the front, your place is there,
In the conflict men are wanted,
Men of hope, and faith, and prayer.
Satan ends shall chain no right
From the battle post to take us,
Fear shall vanish in the fight,
For triumphant God shall make us.

Chorus.

No retreating, hell defeating,
Shoulder to shoulder we stand,
God looks down with glory crowns
Our conquering band.

To sung at the conclusion of the second part, "Drink's Work":

SOLO.

Have you heard the voice of weeping,
Have you heard the wail of woe,
Have you seen the fearful reaping,
Of a soul that sinks below?
Rouse, then, who by Christ are freed,
Heed, oh, heed the world's great need,
To save the lost, like Him Who saved you,
Forward speed!

Chorus.

With sword and shield, etc.

Slag the verse marked in the text of the last part between the reading, and at the conclusion let all join in the slugging of the following:

See the bruised heads of hell,
Art and power employing;
More than human tongue can tell,
Blood-bought souls destroying.
Hark! from ruin's ghastly road,
Famine ground beneath their load,
Forward! oh, ye sons of God,
And dare to die for Jesus.

Chorus.

Storm the forts of darkness,
Bring them down, bring them down,
Storm the forts of darkness,
Bring them down, bring them down,
Pull down Satan's kingdom where'er
he holds dominion;
Go, storm the forts of darkness,
bring them down,
Glory, honor to the Lamb!
Praise and power to the Lamb!
Glory, honor, praise and power
Be forever to the Lamb!

THE LATEST FROM THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

ST. JOHNS, Nfld., Feb. 9, 1899.

Indescribable meetings at Carbonear, Brigus and Bay Roberts. We had the largest halls packed an hour before commencement of meetings, in spite of the admission charges. Great crowds turned away. Prayer meetings extremely difficult, owing to the fact that aisles were blocked with the crowds staying right through the meetings. Officers and soldiers are full of Heaven's electric fire. Officers and soldiers are praying, singing, shouting and believing for the salvation of the whole island. They are a precious and devoted lot. Thirty-two souls at the penitent form. Newfoundland forever!

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

FORWARD THE WAR THROUGHOUT THE PROVINCE. BUILDING PACKED AT PUBLIC MEETINGS. MUSICAL FESTIVAL AND CHILDREN'S DRILL CAPTIVATED THE AUDIENCE. COMMISSIONING SERVICE THURSDAY. VERY IMPRESSIVE. UNITED HOLINESS CONVENTION FRIDAY. THIRTY-TWO FOR PARDON AND CLEANSING. BRIGADIER MARVELLOUSLY SUSTAINED BY GOD. ALL PLEDGE LOVE AND LOYALTY TO COMMISSIONER AND FLAG.—Major Collier.

SIEGE SPECIAL.

Splendid Sunday at West Toronto Junction. Major Hargrave and Eusebius Burrows and Green led the attack. Meetings good and interesting, night, full house. Two Seniors and seven Juniors for salvation. First soul since opening, a boy 13 years of age, saved last Thursday and doing well. Victory is coming.

Liftings.

The Field Commissioner will most likely be able to fill her Eastern appointments, unless a delay of the boat on her return journey detains her.

Quebec was to be honored with a visit from our beloved leader on Tuesday, February 21st. It appears that there will be no postponement required.

The Territorial Secretary is spending his week-ends in profitable service. Glowing reports of his various visits reach us, and everywhere he has had very successful meetings. God bless Lieut.-Colonel Margetts!

Brigadier Complin and his Department, supplemented by one or two other H. Q. officers, conducted a series of special meetings at St. Peterburg, which have been exceptionally stirring and interesting. Large crowds turned out on all services; finances were exceedingly good, and a number of souls found purity and pardon.

OTTAWA.—We have been favored by a visit from Adj. W. Macman, the Financial Special, who led the meetings Sunday, 22nd, also Ensign Parker, the new G. B. M. Agent, paid us his first visit during the week, and last, but not least, our Provincial leader, Brigadier Bennett, arrived on Saturday. Received a royal welcome. Brigadier conducted all meetings here on Sunday. Afternoon subject "Skin of your teeth." Evening subject, "Fools and their folly." On Monday night Brigadier led a half-night of prayer. Grand meetings, the result of which may be a harvest of souls and the extension of God's Kingdom.



By Evangeline Booth, Field Commissioner.

DRINK'S WORLD.

DRINK'S paths, inlaid with snare and ruin, run from the highest and most cultured places of our most enlightened lands, down through the darkest alleys of poverty and pauperism, and into the lowest vaults of infamy and vice. There is no thoroughfare so wide, no hut so desolate, no cave so hidden, no nation so fair, no strand so laden with disastrous wreck, but where the heavy tread of this monster, Drink, with either the wail of destruction in its tramp, or with its venomous sting hidden by its deluding glare, has been heard in its funeral march.

It dwells in marble halls; the most gorgeous tapestry bedecks its chambers; the walls through which it glides are spacious and imposing; it is no stranger to the art of the most beautiful—skill, the most elaborate; the floors over which its stealthy feet glide are often marble, the ceilings of gilded fretwork, the frescoed walls upon which it casts its shadows are of mahogany and satinwood; its blazing gas-jets in globes of dainty hues hang from massive brackets; its ear is accustomed to the sweetest strains of most cultured music, into which it will only too surely introduce all the dirges of minor keys; its envious eye rests with ravishing greed upon the bounteous form of fairest creature, and the most elegant spread of glorious nature, and most artistic skill displayed in picture, with thirst to cast its blight on all.

INFANTICIDE AND SUICIDE.

A lady, extravagantly dressed, holding by the hand a sweet little boy of some six years, also displaying all taste and plenty in his attire, accompanied by a nurse with a fair baby of six months in her arms, attended one of my more select meetings in the Old Country.

She seemed to take something of a fancy to me, and waited to speak to me at the conclusion of the meeting. I felt some affinity with her—perhaps it was the hidden sorrow, of which I knew nothing, drew in an imperceptible way upon my sympathy. But we talked happily over a cup of tea, in the vestry; I kissed the children, prayed with them, and blessed them.

We met occasionally after this. I was to have gone to her home, but never found the time. She frequently sent the little boy to see me, and the only thing that impressed me strangely was when asking of his father, the nurse became very agitated, and would change the conversation. One night, at the conclusion of a large meeting, to my surprise, I found the nurse sitting in the lobby, with a face white as death. I asked why she did not come into the meeting, and enquired the reason of her being out with the boy at such a late hour; she burst into bitter wailing; I could get no response to my questions. Turning to the boy, I asked if his mother was sick. He replied:

"No! Nurse cries because mother has gone away with baby."

Then the girl, burying her head in her hands, said: "Oh! my mistress has gone to jail."

"To jail?" I gasped.

"Yes! she has killed the baby; she put laudanum in its milk by mistake—she was drunk."

A letter afterwards told me she had committed suicide.

Yes! they fall as a star from the very heavens—to a cinder in hell.

But drink stays not there. It sits at the hearth of the humbler home; it gazes with hideous smile upon the honest toil for bread; it creeps up stairs; it glitters on the table in the little festivities of the happy home, lurking behind the damnable argument of the harmlessness of moderate drinking, while with hungering designs it lays its plans with

careful calculation as to the little time it will take to snatch the pretty blue frock from the little form, and the pretty pink flush from the little cheek, the good warm boots from the little feet, the carpet from the floor, and the clock from the shelf; the gladness from the mother's eye, and the honor from the father's heart; the bread from the cupboard, and the fire from the grate.

But drink stays not there! Through the courts and alleys its blood-smear'd feet hasten with a rapidity only lent to absolute and complete destruction; down into the cellars, up into the garrets; hid away in sheds; in any and every hole that can shelter want and woe are to be found crawling, standing, sitting, leaning, kneeling, treading the slaves and victims of this dark passion—*Drink!* Their faces are

drawn with agony; their reasons distorted with crime; their names are blighted with shame; their homes are gone; their characters are gone—all over the counter for beer, all into the hotel-keeper's till, all into the brewer's pocket.

But Drink stays not here. It is the shadow behind the garish foot-lights of the stage. It is the demon glare thrown into the brilliancy of the ball-room. It is the frenzied fascination of the gambling-table. Its playthings are the fair babes of our cradles; its merriment the tears of our wronged and bereaved; its sport the haunted consciences of wretched men, and the delirious wanderings of maddened minds; its nature the blood of its victims.

Its sky is blackened with the pall of death; its rivers a multitude of fallen tears; its atmosphere thickened with the wail of suffering. *Drink is a Dragon thirsting for human blood! It is a Monster with a rabid lust for human life! It is a Pestilence which paralyzes the will, bewilders the brain! It is a Flame, scorching and withering all it touches!* It is the most active, the most powerful, the most successful enemy of the soul, for it is not one sin, it is *all!* crushing the old, cursing the young, and blighting even the children.

The Demon of Drink says with Napoleon: "Give me the children, and I will conquer the world."

DRINK'S WORK.



IT is gradual. Almost all drunkards were once moderate drinkers. There has never been known a man who has intended to be mastered by this power. The supposed harmlessness of the one glass has been the damnation of body and soul for a thousand times ten thousand men. Oh, this tasting of father's glass with the children, this having it in the cupboard, this countenancing and patronizing in part of what on the whole is a world-wide traffic of destruction, has just been the lighting of the fires which have consumed three parts of earth's best and brightest.

Of all arguments which to my mind are the most base in their gross distortions of natural reason, their contradiction of all conscience-dictates, and annihilation of all manly honor, are those which would plead in favor of drink in moderation, as though the fact of taking the death-drug in small quantities could change its nature—which nature is restless, untiring pursuit until all is devoured and destroyed.

*Is Hell Heaven, because Hell
In little drops be given?*

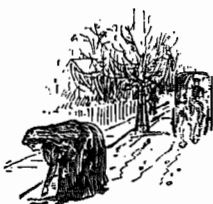
Oh, the thousands of young men who start with no greater desire or intention than to be in the fashion—they take the first glass in the high-class hotels of the city, but they have linked hands with the monster; the grasp becomes tighter and tighter, until the touch of the friend is lost in the grip of the fiend. Listen! The clock strikes twelve! It is the death-knell of a soul; the gas-jets intermingling their lights with the bleared glare of the youth; the flush of his cheek is the breath of eternal woe. The saloon-keeper cuffs him, waking him from his drunken slumber, says it is time to close, throws him out—he's down—he's damned! He began a moderate drinker in a first-class hotel—he finishes his dissipation an inveterate drunkard in the lowest saloon.

Banish the drink both in small and great quantities! Banish it from your homes, from your children, from your wives, from your tables, from your cities, and, God helping you, from this our fair country.

FIVE YEARS' WORK.

One of my officers was driving through one of the border streets in a city of this country.

Attention was drawn to a tall, slight figure on the sidewalk; a woman, who wore widows' weeds; her attire gave evidence of a continual effort to retain neatness. The skirt was brushed threadbare, the little bonnet was extremely worn. The figure halted, gave a quick look round, then stooped and snatched from the gutter a crust—then another



"The figure stooped . . . and snatched from the gutter a crust."

look round, and holding up her shawl to prevent all possible detection, began to gnaw away at the frozen bread.

The officer drew up the rig and sprang to her side saying, "You are hungry and in want. Can I help you?"

Her story was soon told. What a happy home, what a loving husband, what a beautiful baby she had once! "My lover, my sweetheart, my husband, my protector, my supporter, and my baby all carried away by the drink, sir—in five short years."

My honored and sainted mother, in her writings, speaks about the drink traffic as follows:—

"But not only is abstinence valuable, nay, indispensable, in order to preserve those rescued out of the power of this great destroyer, but it is equally valuable to prevent others from falling into it."

We all profess to believe that prevention is better than cure. Seeing, then, that strong drink is proved to be the most dangerous foe to perseverance in righteousness, and the most potent cause of declension, inconsistency and apostasy, ought not Christians to strive, both by example and precept, to warn the young, the weak, and the inexperienced from touching it?"

Can any man answer for the consequences of putting a bottle to his neighbor's mouth—be it ever such a small one, or ever such a genteel one? God has recorded His curse against the man who does this, and thousands of hoary-haired parents, broken-hearted wives, and weeping, blighted children groan their 'Amen' to the dreadful sentence.

Perchance there are some men who can take these drinks in what they call moderation, and suffer no visible injury; nevertheless, let that man beware who touches that which God cursed, for there are injuries invisible more to be dreaded than all the plagues of Egypt!"

It is complete! I was just about ready to leave a city lately visited by me, when a lady stepping from a carriage was ushered into my room. Her countenance was of exceptional beauty, her apparel was of costly worth, her speech denoted education and refinement; putting out her hand she said, "My apology for taking up your time, Miss Booth, was my anxiety to speak to the only woman that has ever made me cry, and this I did all through your address last night." A few minutes talk revealed the reason of the hot tears referred to.

The story ran much on all those things which used to be—loving home, beautiful nursery, the mother's care, the gentle training, the happy marriage, and then—always having been a moderate drinker—drink in greater quantities was the only receipt for relief from the grief and unexpected sorrow. And with bated breath and staring eye, she whispered, "It is the drink, Miss Booth! It has driven my husband from me, locked up my children in the convent, spent my fortune; it has shut the doors of my home, blasted my character, robbed my virtue—and now I am down: past the reach of any man, and even God Himself." And she gathered her cloak around her, and before I could speak she said, "I must go: you may tell my story to as many as you like—it may save some other creature who is as fair as I once was fair, from becoming as black as I now am black."

I say the work of drink is complete. It not only throws overboard every enjoyable feature of circumstances—running with the library and instruments to the pawnbrokers, but what is much more to be prized—he strips the subject himself of his priceless treasure—puts his hand down on reason and turns it into imbecility—puts his hand down on honor—honor with which none can part without bitter agony—and turns it to shame; puts its hand down on truth and turns it to craft and falsehood; puts its hand down on beauty and so mars, scars, tears and hacks until no trace of loveliness can be found.

It stays not at taking the bloom from the cheek, but goes on until the death breezes fan it; it stays not at bent back, round shoulders, curved spine, and fractured limbs, but goes on until it lays the body in the grave. Complete in its ruin of body, soul and mind!

I knew of a garret absolutely empty, but for the suffering form of a drunken woman and a few rats.

The birth of the baby boy that morning brought with it no maternal affection, but only the fervent prayer that it would die; not a rag was prepared for the unwelcome mite; its first bath was in the boiler, and its first covering part of an old garment torn from the back of his little sister. However, the poor little babe persisted in living, in spite of these unwelcome circumstances, and nine days afterwards appeared with its mother in the county court. The

fact of the matter was that all the furniture had gone to meet the infuriated demands of the unpaid landlord, but did not nearly satisfy the amount due.

"How can you pay this account?" asked the judge of the woman. Diving her hands underneath the tattered shawl which covered her otherwise bare shoulders, she drew forth her naked babe, and holding it forth at her bony arm's length said, "You can take this if you like!"

The woman afterwards was heard to sob out in the ears of her dark world's one friend, "I wor so mad that I hardly knew what I wor doin'!"

DRINK'S WOE.



WHO can tell its story? What pen could write its tale? What heart could try the griefs of drink and woe?

Look at this procession if we can. Let God touch our imagination and help us to do so.

Their tread is ever languid, their faces never smile; their hearts are ever bleeding. Each day for them but brings new curses—new brutality—new hunger—new

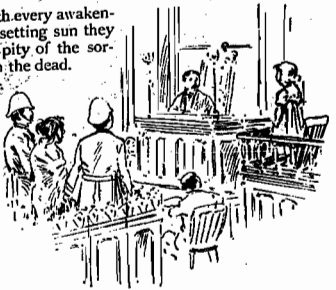
fear, and new dread.

If they pray, then with every awakening morning and every setting sun they ask God, the Creator, by pity of the sorrow, to number them with the dead.

A crowded court in

Toronto—this city—in the prisoner's box stands a forlorn and desperate looking woman—a creature to whom one blushes to give the name of woman.

No small consternation is caused by a police official carrying over a chair to place on the steps where the witnesses stand.



"A baby witness, only four years old."

The tiny hand clinging to the strong fingers of a stalwart constable is that of a baby witness, only four years old, whose little frail form is lifted up on the chair. You might have thought the sunlight concentrated all its golden glory in the ringlets of the hair, the skin was of snowy complexion, the features pinched with want, but correctly marked, and the eyes two large windows for the soul to look through.

Little Maggie was her name; she was the child of the woman in the prisoner's dock. She had been swung round and round by the hair, in her mother's drunken rage, and was brought to show the wounds, a proof of the story.

"Did your mother do this?" the child was asked. The lips parted to answer in the affirmative, when the little face was lifted to the pitiable object opposite her. Seeing the woman standing between two big policemen, she took in her mother's woeful position, and lifting her large eyes to the judge with a trembling quiver in the baby lips, and the wound plainly showing in her head, she said, "No sir; my mother never did it, my mother never did it!"

What a revision of God's loving purposes! A four-year old baby shielding and pleading for its mother!

This is not in a heathen land; this is in our own. This is in no barbarous country—this is on our doorstep; it runs through our streets. They are our own fair girls and our brave sons who sink beneath this dark tide, and are drawn into the vortex of this whirlpool!

Do I believe it? Yes, not only because I've heard so much of it, but because I've seen so much of it.

Why, only just near my own office, a little time back, in this beautiful city, a father killed his own son by driving the tailors' scissors into his heart. He was drunk. When sober, and told what he had done, he lost his reason with grief. Does it not behave us, as Christian men and women, should it not compel our churches where the word of God is upheld, where righteousness is contended for, and solace of all grief proclaimed, should it not constrain us as a Christian country to arise, and equipping ourselves with the weapons of Truth and Righteousness with irresistible perseverance, strike out at the enemy in season and out of season, with a force which springs from the knowledge of this sin, and from the accumulated wrongs, oppressions, griefs, sorrows, tears of Drink's Woe?

DAISY.

Daisy by name, and daisy indeed in form—a daisy in a slum, perhaps, but all the same a daisy, despite the pinched features, pale cheek, ragged frock and naked feet. She darts up the rickety stairway of the drunkard's home, and to the pale-faced mother, who plied her needle and thread until the early hours of the morning, holds up a bunch of faded flowers; and cries, "Look, mother, now I can sell them for something for you for supper." The little bare head and naked feet stand a long time in the biting wind of the winter's night, but no one buys. At last a well dressed man, to the delight of the child, asks:

"And what d'yer want for them flowers, little 'un?"

"Whatever you like to give, sir."

The heart of the purchaser, evidently touched by the pitiful, appealing glance of the eyes uplifted, gives ten cents, and a looker-on might have thought that the breath of the night had caught the child for the speed with which she passed down the street. It was the first silver coin the tiny fingers had clasped, and too excited to restrain her joy, immediately on reaching the wretched home, calls out as she climbs the rickety stairs:

"Oh, mother, mother, ten cents! A gentleman gave it to me—for the flowers—I have sold them. Look, mother, holding up the coin—"all shining."

Unfortunately, the father is there. He has heard the words "ten cents," and demands that the money be given him; the child crouches with horror behind the door of the garret.



"What d'yer want for them flowers?"

"Give me that money," cries the father.

"No! no!" screams the child, "I have got it for mamma. It's to buy her something to eat. I've got it—it's my own, for mamma!"

The man, enraged with drunken fury, saying, "I'll teach you to keep money from your father," lifts up his foot—a man's foot—with a boot on—a man's boot, and kicks the little figure against the opposite wall of the garret, which is splashed with her blood. He snatches the coin from the now unconscious fingers, and the monster of brutality stumbles downstairs, heedless of where his heavy boot has fallen, into the nearest saloon. He turns just as the man behind the bar is saying:

"Why, yer might have thought the little un had got wings fixed on there and then; she simply flew, bare feet, too; 'twern't the flowers, you know; no worth," pointing to the faded bunch lying on the bar; "but 'twere just to give her somethin'; I tell yer, now, I wish I'd given her more; she looked so pitiful and hungry, too—I believe she said her mother was sick; anyway, I never saw feet run like those little uns; I can't get the sight on her out of my eyes!"

The drunken father stayed no longer to hear more of the conversation, but turned conscience-smitten into the street. Just at that moment the throb of an Army drum and the ringing strains of cornets attracted attention. Not knowing whither to go he follows the procession into the barracks; the meeting goes on; somebody talks to him; somebody prays with him; somebody cries over him; and while they sing:

*All the waters of the sea cannot wash my sins away,
But Thy precious blood can do the deed to-day;
Jesus, Jesus, while'er my sins I grieve,
Thou canst receive me and cleanse, I believe.*

The man gets soundly converted; he hurries home up the stairs, tells his wife the story. He is never going to drink any more! He says.



"And kicks the little figure against the opposite wall."

APOLLON'S AUCTION.

By ENSIGN PERRY.

THE devil has an auction which is continually going on. It is a miscellaneous one, for everything is sold that will catch the eye and please the fancy. These things are eagerly bought by the assembled crowd that always attends the sale. The devil has succeeded among the crowd a large number of agents or imps, who are continually whispering in the ears of his would-be patrons such words of encouragement to buy, that sales are much more easily made. The devil is a good auctioneer. How easily he puts on a false representation regarding his offered goods. Strange to say, the fascination is such that people who have once been defrauded will again buy in hope of getting a bargain.

Al, methinks I see the devil now as he mounts the auctioneer's stand, with his attending imps about him, and begins a sale.

A Lot of Liquor

is first handed up to him. He offers it by the case or bottle.

Holding up a bottle of whiskey first he asks for a bid. Does he hear one? Yes, in a moment. It's a young man who buys it. Forty cents it has cost him, says the crowd, and the devil puts up another one. But has forty cents been the real price? No, a thousand times, no! It has been infinitely more.

Could you unveil that young man's future you would see what has been the real cost. An appetite for strong drink has been created, for it is his first bottle; then follow all the evils of a drunkard's life—a mother's broken heart, the bringing of others into misery by marriage, broken health, early grave and a lost soul. What a price to pay for one bottle of whiskey!

I glance towards the auctioneer's stand again. I see the devil now offering

A Lot of Novels

for sale.

He has them in stacks by the stand. His agents pass them up to him as quickly as the people will buy. How readily they sell too. First is offered one with a striking title. "A young girl is the first bidder. Thirty cents is the amount the people standing round have seen her give for it. She elbows her way out of the crowd to

have a comfortable read. One standing near says, "What a lot of comfort she will have from it." It is her first novel, and what really has she paid for it? Thirty cents is but the first cost. A passion for novel reading has been created before she is half through the book. Then what follows? Late hours, wrecked health, inability to settle the mind, to read literature, neglect of daily duties, neglect of God, a lost soul—all for a novel!

What next do I see passed up for sale?

A Pack of Cards.

"How much am I offered?" says the devil, and the imps echo the words to those standing at the outskirts of the crowd who may not have caught them from the auctioneer. A pack of cards; yes, there is a bid right off. Who is it? A middle-aged man.

The price is paid to the attending imp, and the man leaves, to be followed by several others, for a man doesn't play cards alone. The people say he has given twenty-five cents for the cards, but let us see. He is a gambler, his associates gamblers. That very night around a table in a secret place the playing and gambling begins. The betting money is placed in the hands of the stakeholder. Each one is anxious to win.

What about the man who bought the cards? Ah, he has lost, lost again, now gained a trifle, now lost again. Finally he finds himself ruined. He thinks of his true-hearted wife and loving children at home. He can't tell them of his failure. No, no! He takes out his revolver and then in a flash of blood he is seen, and his floor-life gone, soul lost—the prey of the cards.

Now I find myself looking again at the auctioneer. What next is passed up to him? It is two nicely-trimmed fashionable hats.

"Finery, Finery, Finery,"

shouts the devil. "How much am I offered for these hats?" How the women look! What eager eyes are cast towards the becoming objects. What do I hear? A little imp whispering in the ear of a young woman, "Just what you want, Miss. See the blinding of color. Just suit your complexion. The right shade of green to match that dark red. You must buy it before it goes."

"I've the money," replied the young lady, "but I really want it for other things, and can't afford the hat."

"But," says the imp, "you must keep your appearance in dress, and there is an easy way I know of getting money."

With tears in the woman's eyes, scarcely knowing whether to believe it, she says, "Hush," and points to the little heap of rags and whiteness on the bed. The only color there was the heavy blood-stains on the brow.

"Oh, my God, have I killed her?" the man gasped.

"No, but you have kicked her eye out."

The marble-like figure stirred. "Oh, is that you, papa? Come here to me, papa; I am not dead, and I'm not sleeping. I have heard all you've said to mamma. Oh, I'm so glad you're made good, papa. I don't mind losing my eye, if you'll only be good and good to mamma. I would lose my two eyes to make you good."

The tall figure of the man went down in a heap at the child's side, and the two little arms blindly feeling, found their way round his neck.

"Papa," she asked, "could you sing one of the hymns they sing where they have those bright meetings?"

"Oh, Daisy, I can't sing; I don't know any good songs. I don't know nothing good yet."

"Well, could you just put your arm round me, papa? you know, like you never did, and hold me up and I will sing." The rough arm unaccustomed to expressions of affection or tenderness held up the little form, and the weak, trembling voice, with many quivers from darts of pain rang through the garret:

*There is a better world, they say, Oh, so bright!
Where sin and woe are done away, Oh, so bright!
There music fills the baby air,
And angels with bright wings are there,
And harps of gold, and mansions fair, Oh, so bright!*

and an angel kissing the cheek, bore the little spirit to the land of which the child spake, while the broken-hearted father poured on the face, cold in death, the hot and passionate kisses that should have been given in life. The little darling did give her two eyes and the gift thrust open the flood-gates of parental affection and let loose the rivers of redeeming grace.

Strike out at Drink, this giant foe of virtue and peace with a hand that will not stay, and a heart that will not relent, and feet that will not halt until we have driven the enemy without our gates, and our land stands an example of sobriety and happiness in the front rank of all the countries of the world.

Soon the hat is knocked down to the desiring girl. "It cost ten dollars and we will see her out in it to-morrow," say her friends. She passes home, to try to estimate the real cost of the hat.

The young girl takes the imp's advice and sells her virtue, for she must appear nice. Life seems gay. She leads in fashion. "How can she do it?" says her criticizing companions, but soon it is all out. Her character is gone. A fearful price is paid for the hat. Pride, shame, paroxysms cast her off, life's gaiety becomes a past enjoyment, disease takes hold—then a dark dying hour, with no loving mother to soothe the dying pillow—better remorse—she is buried.

But what about the other hat? A middle-aged woman is the buyer. Fifteen dollars it has cost. No, no, exceedingly more, for she has bought other things. The imp's auction sales, and this is only a part of the long list of extravagant expenditure. Who pays for the fifteen dollar hats? The poor husband who is trying to keep her from above water, and meet the demands of his fashionable family. He is a book-keeper and not getting an extra-large salary. His family must look as nice as that of his employer's, and the money must come from somewhere. The husband tries to banish the thought of becoming a defaulter; but, no, it can't be otherwise. He'll be ruined if he don't. He must run the risk and take the money. It is done, and soon it is found out. Poverty and disgrace follow—this is the real price of the hat, and other things similarly bought. It does cost a lot to nurture pride, which is one of the things the Lord hates.

Next I see an imp leading something up towards the crowd. What is it? It cannot be brought on the auction stand, but it stands by itself, in full view of the people.

A Fine Race Horse.

"Somebody make me a bid," cries the devil, and fifteen hundred dollars is shouted by a certain individual.

"What, mister?" says an imp close at hand. "You don't know the value of that horse; she is just the right age, and a runner, too. I saw her bring in a man \$500 the other day at a race. She is really worth two thousand, and you'll soon get it back."

"Eighteen hundred," cries a contemporary, which stirs up the aforementioned individual to offer two thousand. The horse is sold to him and taken off by an imp to the buyer's stable.

The race day comes. The two thousand dollar horse is brought forth.

Certainly she is going to win. The owner has placed a goodly sum at her back, but—she loses. Someone has a swifter horse. He tries again, but is beaten. He has to draw money from his income. He has already paid out in betting one thousand dollars more. He has, as well, neglected his business, his family, and worst of all, his immortal soul. "Too dear a price do you say? Infinitely too dear."

"What next?" says the devil to his attending agent.

"Books, fiddle books, sir, nice ones."

From the Best Authors.

"Now we have it," says the devil. "Fiddle books, singly or by the lot; make me a bid."

A young man stands before him. He can't buy the lot, so bids on one. The dollar he has paid—but wait, is that the real price? No, only the first cost. Let us look at the future. The young man's belief in God's wisdom and love first becomes shaken. He sees fables in the Bible. Why hadn't he seen them before? He says:

"I'm not going to be weak enough to follow mother's teachings any longer. It was right for her, it was comforting in her last hours, but I'm a man, and I'm going to be free, a follower of Ingersoll."

Let us lift the veil. What is life to him? He tries to banish all belief in God, but can't. Then follows dissipation in the extreme. He finally takes a life-gallows next—then a stern realization of hell's tortures. What a price for a few pages of infidel notions!

Time is passing, I cannot stay longer at the sale, but as I pass out I hear the devil offering some tickets for worldly pleasure—a ticket to the Sunday excursion, a ticket to a theatre, a ticket to a dancing school. I hear the fiddlers, and then the imps shouting out that the people have made good bargains.

Then I go home to think of the cost—THE COST—social luxuries forfeited, lives blighted, God's laws disregarded, all at the expense of the soul. Then I take up the Bible and read in St. Matthew:

"What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

"I am quite sure that God meant us to constantly bear in mind—that life is short, opportunity fleeting, the memory of the desires of the soul deeply colored, if not forever fixed by the actions of to-day."—Farver.

(Continued from page 7.)

OUR WEEKLY BIBLE LESSON.

WEDNESDAY.

The Servant Shall be as His Lord.—Matt. x. 25.

encouraged by the assurance of reward in the future.

They are a plucky, cheerful, loyal, Blood-and-Fire lot, which accounts largely for the triumphs that have been recorded through years of faithful service.

Our Loyal Troops.

"Hard fighting makes good soldiers" it is said. "This may be the secret of the sterling fighting qualities of the officers and soldiers of this old battle-line. The accomplishments of this gallant force in the various financial efforts, War Cry boom, Siege, etc., give ample evidence of their prowess and valor. When one remembers that in the 40 places where regular operations are carried on, the combined population is scarcely more than that of the City of Toronto itself, and then looks at the record afforded by the monthly statistics, one is forced to the conclusion that the days of miracles are not past.

Our Local Officers and bandmen are a source of strength to the work, and are fine examples, as a rule, in enthusiasm, loyalty and hard work.

223 Saved Drunkards.

With a view to obtaining information we have made enquiries as to the number of habituated drunkards who have been converted to the Province, with the following result:

223 cases.—Arrested 721 times, and 454 times fined or imprisoned; spent 5,430 years in the drunkards' row, who have been converted to the Province, with the following result:

223 cases.—Arrested 721 times, and 454 times fined or imprisoned; spent 5,430 years in the drunkards' row, who have been converted to the Province, with the following result:

Of the above figures 23 have died, and were buried, with a few exceptions, within the week, and have 147 are soldiers to-day, 33 have gone to other denominations, of which some are earnest workers, and hold responsible positions in the church. These figures represent our work among ONE CLASS only.

Advances.

ANNUAL EFFORTS.—The Harvest Festival has gone up year by year, until the total of \$2,250 was reached in 1908.

The Self-Denial effort also has gradually increased year by year, having reached the magnificent total of \$3,788 in 1908.

War Cry sales.—These have also increased in a most marked manner. The Province sells about a thousand more copies weekly than it did a year ago, while, in the west, the circulation of over 5,000, means three copies to every 100 of the population, and reckoning five readers to each, means that the Cry is read by 15 persons in every hundred of the population.

The J. S. and other features of the work are making advances, and the officers and soldiers are taking heart of the Siege in a spirit that marks the most striking advances we have yet recorded.

1,302 SOULS HAVE PROFESSED CONVERSION DURING THE YEAR.

The Rescue Home.

Considering the population the work in this institution is most remarkable and successful. The following figures speak for themselves:

In Home commencing of year, 13; Number admitted during year and readmitted from hospital, 65. Total, 78. How disposed of: Sent to friends, 15; sent to hospital, 16; sent to institutions, 31; mar-

JOSEPH, THE FAVORITE.

Genesis xxxvii. 1-11.

HIS brothers envied him. Joseph was the pet of Jacob, for he was the first-born of Rachel, the wife he had loved so constantly, and possibly there was much resemblance between Joseph and Rachel. Then Joseph had inherited from his mother a tender, guileless and truthful spirit. He was doubtless superior in many ways to his brethren and even to his father. Although Jacob was perhaps too partial to Joseph, yet his brethren, being older, had no just cause to conceive such an envy for their younger brother. But it is always so with an unregenerate heart which will not tolerate even a just and well-earned recognition given to a better man.

Joseph was an innocent boy, too little acquainted with evil thought and calculating suspicion to notice that the telling of his peculiar dreams and the special marks of affection and preference given to him by his father would arouse envy and jealousy in his brethren's heart. They could not even "speak peaceably unto him." Even makes a person's conduct disagreeable; it poisons the mind, closes the heart, making it even less susceptible of true affection for any human being.

Yet affection for a good, obedient and gifted child may often lead to a very marked difference in the treatment of other children, who consider such slights as equal to actual contempt. The greatest cause of discord among brethren, however, is competition.

"John would not do such a thing—John knows how to ask in a proper way—John is more modest than you," and so on. The other children would like to feel that there is a great difference between the pet and them.

While Joseph, doubtless, was deserving of all the affectionate attention bestowed upon him by Jacob, yet it was

not conducive to the family peace, for it made Joseph hated by his brethren, and, if he had been a less sincere and pure-minded boy, might have given him an exaggerated conception of his own superiority that might have killed the sweet humility of his character, as it has been the case in many other instances.

Yet who could blame Jacob for loving a lad like Joseph was? He would have been the eye-apple of any parent.

The modern Joseph is still hated by his brethren. The contrast between a pure and noble youth, and the average young man of to-day is as great and as marked as night is from day, and can bear each other's company as little. The peculiar blessings which come to the obedient child of God are a source of aggravation to the unregenerate, who, nevertheless, might enjoy the same peace of mind, if they became equally obedient.

The boy who refuses to touch drink, resists the cigarette, refuses to join in debauchery and filthy conversation and eschews evil is called white-livered, cowardly, unmanly, and a mother's shown greater strength of resistance under temptation, and enjoys greater freedom of action.

Let us not waste our time in bitter envy and jealousy of those who are or seem more favored than ourselves, but let us remember that God's favor may be ours to the fullest extent, if we but are obedient to our conscience.

The boy who is sensible and easily carried about in the heart, secure from thieves and moths, and bring no enmity to the possessor.

Every approach, remember that the road to the only favor truly striving for, the smile of God, is open to every one, and over its entrance is inscribed the password: "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

Weekly Watchword:

The Servant is Not Above His Lord.

"I serve." is nobler than "I rule."

Though men may not believe it: And they stand first in Jesus' school Who lovingly receive it.

Daily Tonic.

SUNDAY.

Our Duty to Serve.—Luke xvii. 10.

We do not show favor by serving Christ. We are favored by being permitted to enter His service. Neither do we do more than our duty by fulfilling the details of our servanthood. "His servants shall serve Him." His mercy, His protection and His provision for us shall be highest and most thorough service. Let us be His servants in more than name alone.

MONDAY.

How to Serve.—I Chron. xxviii. 9.

A perfect heart for serving mind are the qualifications for a soldier and successfully and acceptably. A perfect heart, i.e., a pure heart, a God-filled heart, with sanctified motives and affections is the spring of doing His will faithfully. A will which is, a mind governed by a submissive will, a mind which says "Yes," to every command and delights to fulfil it.

TUESDAY.

Faithful in Few as in Much.—Matt. xxv. 14-30.

The using of all that God has given is the most and the least that God asks of His every follower. The profitable servant was not commended because he had five talents given him, but because he had used those five. The man who has only one talent, hiding it away, and so, by his inactivity, loses it, and so, by his talent too. Because he has only one gift—and that a very small one—he is not excused from turning it to some account.

The highest honor that can be conferred upon the servant of Christ is to bear the reproach of the Cross. The more likeness there is to our Lord, the more pronounced will be the attitude of the world be toward us. We cannot expect to receive better grace at His hands than He did. It may be that our lives, our persecution, but appear defeat may shadow our plans as it did His, yet if conscientiously fulfilling His will we can afford to have the misrepresentations of the world, and though "now through a glass darkly" we look to the time when we shall see Him Who endured such contradiction of sinners "face to face."

THURSDAY.

The Reward of Service.—Daniel vi. 16-23.

The world is half-full of people who ask, as did Job's wife, with a disagreeable sneer, "Does the Christian serve God for nothing?" Such sore strains as Daniel's momentary imprisonment, the Lord's den, declare the sure recompense which God gives for service. His deliverances are wages whose measure is pressed down and running over, and more than reward the service which it is our bounden duty, as well as our pleasure, to fulfil.

FRIDAY.

Serving One Another.—Gal. v. 12.

There are plenty of people who are willing enough to worship God, and even to give tithes of their possessions to His service, but when it comes to loving their neighbor as themselves and serving him too, they stop short. They forget that to please God they must fulfil the second great commandment in unison with the first. Duty to God's duty to man, and hand in hand, Christ's example, which He washed His disciples' feet shows us how humble and loving should be our service of others.

SATURDAY.

Eternal Service.—Rev. vi. 14-17.

"That this life does not sever the bond that binds us to our Master, is a happy thought. Of the occupations of the streets of gold we have no more definite knowledge than that we shall 'serve Him day and night.' And we are content with this. The bard tasks undertaken here, the sorrow and the cry of are fitting us for perfected service in that perfect Land, where He is making us His own. Let us have a more direct sense under the personal supervision of our Lord.

Sisters of the Cross.

An immediate extension of the Slum Work is the General's latest intention. The London War Cry contains full particulars if this important new feature. The "Sisters of the Poor" will be essentially helpers of the poor, and will continue that mission which so early earned for them the title of Slum Angels. Only there will be more of them.

"After long waiting for a new method of Slum Operations, described some time ago, has at length been got fairly started. Had I space and time, I would describe one and push it on the attention and prayer of the poorest of the poorest of the poor. I believe the Scheme has in it the elements calculated to produce a revolution in the miserable conditions of the desolate occupants of these gloomy haunts, in which so many of the inhabitants of our rich and luxurious cities have to live."

Commander, call for volunteers, and it is hoped that many friends and soldiers with leisure and aptitude will step forward and offer part of their available time for brightening the homes of the poor, and thus suffering poor. The conditions are simple. Here are three of them:

1. They must wear Slum Uniform while on duty, and must be prepared to place themselves under the direction of Slum Officers.

2. They must devote at least six hours per week to Slum Work in such places as may be decided.

3. They must accept of this work as a labor of love, without expectation of fee or reward."



BY LIEUT. COLONEL MARGETTS.

the practice of sin and evil habit that it cunningly and gradually, yet surely, steals from you all power of resistance, and holds you a tethered, a completely conquered prisoner.

"I can't help it," says the drunkard, as with staggering feet and muddled brain, with very breath and empty pocket, with burning throat and blood-shot eyes, he stumbles into the ABODE, which ought to be a HOME, but which, being robbed of comfort, deprived of happiness, and bared with poverty, is a constant scene of sorrow and shame. The wife is too broken-hearted in the wretched dungeon of bare walls and floors, with its fireless stove and empty cupboard, with its crouching, shivering children, whose pinched faces, half-clothed forms, and piteous cries, are the only appeal which can now sufficiently touch the debased and ruined affections of the once kind father, as to cause the now degraded drunkard to offer his best apology, "I can't help it," being the sole cause of the sad predicament.

The blasphemer, whose profane tongue and lying lips issuing forth curses and blasphemies continually,

make him a sure terror to all who came in contact with him, when met and covered and shamed by truth, purity, and integrity, excuses himself with, "I can't help it."

Those fallen ones, too, whose virtues have given way to vice, and whose purity and morality have long since become "a thing of the past," by the strong and shameless passions of a sin-cursed nature, and who continue and fire to sin, evil to evil, and woe to woe, because they seek for no better and more potent a remedy than their own blighted and well-nigh wiped-out wills, and plead, as they go on in sin's downward course, "I can't help it."

And so the whirlpool of iniquity goes round, and on, ever carrying with it and sinking lower and lower into its mighty suction and power, the men and youths, the women and maidens, and, alas! in not a few cases, the boys and girls of our territory down the current of sin's dashing stream, into the crashing breakers, and rugged rocks, and shifting shoals of the self-destroying, and soul-damning catarrh of "I can't help it."

Is there no help for these and wrecks? Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no Phyladelpia there?

A contribution answering the concluding questions of the above article, will appear in our next issue, under the title: "Morphine Mastered," by Lieut.-Colonel Margetts.

■ DON'T come here for any good, but I can't help it—for I can't stay away," was a young man's reply to my question, "Why do you come to a place like this?"

He was a fine fellow, with a clear, beautiful brow, a kindly beaming eye, and a good and intelligent appearance. Our meeting in the barracks had closed, and I had accepted the invitation of the officer in charge of the corps in that town to visit the saloons, gambling dens, and other like resorts to sell the Cry, I wrote the inmates to our special meetings, and it perchance an opportunity presented itself, to drop a word here or there in the interests of a soul's salvation. "We'll go in full uniform," was the mutual agreement between us, and so each with a bundle of Cry's under our arms, we sallied forth.

It was nearing the hour of Saturday midnight when I found my friend standing, or rather lounging, with his back to the wall, in a densely crowded gaudy theatre. The atmosphere was thick with the mixed stench of whiskey and rum, ale and beer, and tobacco and cigar smoke, or which there was an abundant promiscuous. The congregation, I soon discovered, were all men—the entertainers, women. Music, and songs, and stage performances, were going on at the other end of the hall, upon which proceedings the attention of every single individual, except the regular waiters, and the "lady" entertainers, appeared to be set.

How such a smart, gentlemanly young fellow, with such evident traces of previous good training, could be so interested and amused, I could not imagine; hence, after asking him to purchase a War Cry, and receiving in answer in the negative, my question to him, "Did you ever have a praying mother, my friend?" his eyes immediately filled with tears, and a choking sensation came into his throat, as he endeavored to prevent a closer and more personal enquiry by replying, "Thank you, Captain, for your kindness, I will buy a War Cry now—and here, Bill, is one for you—I think, and I will take one and mail it to mother."

The eyes of too many young men, and of one or two of the ladies present were now turned our way to allow me with confidence to pass by, but he stayed there, and to invite him to the salvation meetings the following day.

"I like you Salvationists," he said, "for coming to seek us in these places! To be honest, however, I don't come here for any good, but I can't help it."

"God will help you, my friend, if you will give Him the chance. He seeks you, and sees us at the hour, say, at 3 p.m. to-morrow. That would not be too early to suit you, would it?"

The dear fellow then leaned forward and in a low quiet voice told me something as to his own personal besetments which I could not very properly put on paper, with the further apology, "But, Captain, I can't help it."

Since then my heart has often ached for that young man, who alas! is but a type of hundreds, nay thousands of men and women, who are oppressed and mastered by their besetments, and the sad subjects of sin's slavery, for there is a possibility of his giving in to



GEORGE WOULD NOT FIGHT.

The Evolution —of a Seed.

STAGE SEVEN.

They were drifting down stream—had been so for days, and were likely to do so for days more. After the arduous tramps and hard travelling of their journey to the West, their progress down the Saskatchewan seemed monotonous and slow. All day long their flat boats were carried along by the current—where the river was narrow and deep with considerable speed, where it was broad and shallow they crept sluggishly along. Unable at any moment to a "bump" on a sandbar. When this occurred there was nothing for it but to wade. Sometimes the water was so deep that the shorter men had to stay in the boat while their taller comrades lightened their craft and pushed her off. As Seeds could stand upright with dry crown in nearly six feet of water, he was constantly under the river's high steep banks. They had the uncomfortable conviction that excellent marks they would have been lying here for any Indians who might be in ambush on the high ground above. But either there were no Indians about, or they did not

discover their enemy's whereabouts, for the soldiers were unmolested. As yet the company, of which Seeds formed a part had had no taste of the actual fighting, for which they had so keen an appetite. To all points where a brush with the enemy was anticipated they had been dispatched, but the uncertain movements of the Indians had disappointed them.

At Saskatoon they halted and visited the military hospital which was established here and alights awaited them. Over seventy lay there suffering—some of Seeds' regiment, the Midland, were amongst the victims of Batavia. A Salvationist comrade died of his wounds here. He mutilated his trust in God amid indescribable agonies.

In Clark's Crossing, where another halt was made, an incident occurred which left an ineffaceable effect on Seeds' character. His avowed Salvationism had been received, after the first joke or two with toleration, and as time went on, with some respect by nearly all his comrades. There were, however, one or two who yet cherished a grudge against the man who was true to his principle. One of these, a regular bully, maliciously stole Seeds' allotted amount of sugar out of his haversack, while the latter was busy unloading the boat. Seeds saw the theft committed and detected the spiteful instinct that prompted it. His face flushed with sudden anger—

why should he be thus tormented? It was a little straw, but it broke the camel's back. For the first time since his conversion Seeds lost control of himself and directed a well-aimed blow at the bully. The latter squared his fists and offered to fight. But Seeds' sudden anger had already spent itself. Never will he forget the burning shame of that moment. He had disgraced his God—lowered the flag. His hands dropped as suddenly as they had eluded.

"I will not fight," he said. "I was wrong in touching you, though you did steal from me. You can strike me if you wish, but I will not fight."

That night in his tent, before his astonished comrades, Seeds, with tears of contrition, confessed his sudden fault, and promised in God's strength never to repeat it. He kept his word, and from that day far from losing his comrades' trust, nothing but respect and confidence met the man who had been so easily enough overcome in his wrong. In the little tent which the soldiers built of brushwood on the outskirts of the camp, Seeds and his Salvationist chum conducted little prayer meetings which made their influence felt upon the whole company. Though their bravery and consistency had won for them universal confidence, they found the ground no easy one when it came to the question of the Cross. All the same eight converts were the visible seed set by God upon their efforts during the campaign.

The further events of the expedition are too long to tell here. Seeds' patriotic ambitions were not satisfied by any active engagement, though he had abundant evidences of the stern realities of the treacherous foe which had met others. It fell to his lot, with others, to discover the scene of the horrible massacre and respectfully bury the mutilated dead.

The untimely death of their Colonel whose bravery in the charge and Christian consideration for his men under all circumstances had made him universally loved and respected, cast a gloom over the soldiers' home-camping.

Royal welcomes awaited them at all halting-places en route. Sad to say, the warmth of ovation surrounded the soldiers with temptations. At the end of every banqueting table there was a keg of beer, and the saloons were thrown open with free drinks to every soldier. Many who had been brave under the enemy's fire succumbed to the subtle temptations of their victory.

No badge on regulation uniform was a restriction which had cost Seeds a good deal of regret during the campaign, but now the said uniform was tattered and torn.

Social Reform Siege-isms.

By THE GENERAL SECRETARY.

Ensign Nellie Griffiths, of the G. S. Department, and Capt. Florence Easton, of the Women's Social Department, conducted a Siege meeting at the Women's Rescue Home, on Feb. 9th. They thoroughly interested the girls with their music and singing and speaking, and have been invited to give them another meeting. Two dear girls volunteered out for salvation.

The London Shelter is right up to date in Siege fighting. Capt. W. R. Long, the Manager, states they are holding "family worship" not only for the officers and helpers, but since the Siege began, pressing invitations were given to the men to be present, and a large number of the boarders have availed themselves of the privilege.

During the first week of the Siege two of the men who came in to prayers made a start to serve God. Both, however, have been overtaken by a soldier in London and the other in Hamilton. Drink had been the downfall of them both.

It is a grand thing to get men like this converted, but what a sad state of things for a Christian community to tolerate, viz., no men saloon in the path of every poor fellow trying to get free from the thrall of the accursed drink. It is a shame that such temptations are placed in the way of the converted, and that they are as lawless as a place of worship. Boys, down with the drink!

Hustlers' Rendezvous.

Notes "Here, There and All Over."

GOD SPEED THE BOOMERS OF THE DEAR OLD CRY!

BY AZARIAH.

Really I'm getting a little weary of so much sameness in the position of the different Provinces. Can't something be done to get up a sensation? Why should dear old Major Southall continue to lead the Territory so easily? I don't wish him any harm, but there steals over my frame (N.B.—This word is used merely for its pleur-esqueness), a secret longing for a hand to hand conflict between Eric, What's-His-Name and the Major, in which encounter the Major is put "hors de combatte." I hope the Major will forgive me. He will, I'm sure, understand how difficult must be to get up steam each week, when one man always comes in first.

The individual boomers deserve the highest and most unqualified praise. Such names as Capt. Hellman, Mrs. Huffman, Capts. McNanny Horwood, Allen, Jackson, etc., etc., are an inspiration. I could fill this column with the names of warriors who can stand on week by week. God bless them all!

Capt. Perrenoud, of Nainabito, is a boomer after my own heart. She says: "It is very hard to get a crowd in the barracks, but I did that we can do a lot of visiting and selling the War Cry. The last two weeks we have had a good chance to do something while selling the Cry in the saloons. Last Saturday we sang in three saloons—in one of them to the accompaniment of the piano. The saloon was crowded and we had the opportunity to speak to three backsliders. We found them in our Sunday afternoon's meeting."

War Cry
Boomer
Sergeant
Lishton.

St. Johns 11.
Nil.

I fully understand that Brigadier Sharp can hardly expect to compete with the Ontario and Eastern Provinces in the number of boomers. Still, he has some good material, and all that's needed is a large increase of population. Could not the Brigadier arrange for a few thousand Doukhobors to be shipped to the Island Colony?

It has occurred to me that we should, to do the correct thing, have two Competition Lists, one in which shall figure the three Ontario Provinces and the Eastern, and the other the North-West, Pacific and Newfoundland. That would, I think, make the running a great deal more equal. Suppose we try it that way, then, and begin the racing for War Cry dated March 14th. That will give the P. O.'s concerned good time to agitate.

Brigadier Pugmire is opening up Hampton, down east, and the War Cry order for the next week is for 100. Hurrah, Brigadier, boom the Cry!

Kamloops takes 20 more Crys and Lewiston, Idaho, rises 15. I take off my hat to you, comrades. Why not rise again?

Western Bay, Newfoundland, also feels able to sell 15 more Crys each week. Off comes my hat again! It is a pleasant sensation.

I refrain from mentioning the names of the few corps who have dropped. My kind heart refrains from causing any blush of shame or regret on the cheek of any officer. Try again, Captain, and a little harder.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

90 Hustlers.

CAPT. HELLMAN, Brantford	278
MRS. HUFFMAN, Woodstock	225
SERGEANT M. BATEMAN, Stratford	125
S.M. MRS. ROCK, Chatham	125
LEUT. PATTON, Clinton	108
CAPT. CLARK, London	100
LEUT. Carr, Windsor	92
Ensign Ottawa, Guelph	90
LEUT. Beach, Seneca	85
Mrs. Adjt. McAmmond, London	85
LEUT. Pickle, St. Thomas	85
Sergt. Yeomans, Chatham	81
LEUT. Burrows, Wallaceburg	80
Mrs. Adjt. Hays, Stratford	75
LEUT. Slizer, Dresden	70
LEUT. Mumford, Sarnia	70
Capt. Howcroft, Forest	62
Capt. Cox, Guelph	60
Capt. Bragge, Wyoming	60
Capt. Gibson, Sarnia	60
Sister Daisy Bond, Wingham	58
Capt. Rees, Watford	58
Capt. Sisto, Hespeler	57
Treas. Churchill, Petrolia	56
LEUT. Burton, Stratford	56
Cand. Carley, Ridgetown	56
LEUT. Winters, Bothwell	55
Sergt. Allen, Michel	55
Sister Robinson, Tilsonburg	50
Sister Schuster, Berlin	50



TEMPLE WAR CRY BRIGADE.

Sister Loggalls, Petrolia	46
Sergt. Fitchley, Listowel	44
Sister Jordan, Paris	41
LEUT. Copeman, Palmerston	40
Ensign McKenzie, Berlin	37
Sergt. Annie Wright, Ingersoll	36
S.M. Armstrong, Seaford	36
S.M. Scott, Guelph	35
LEUT. Hodgson, Listowel	35
Capt. Burton, Leamington	35
LEUT. Crawford, Simcoe	34
Mrs. Ensigna McHarg, Windsor	32
Bro. Palmer, London	32
Adjt. McAmmond, London	32
Sec. Mrs. Harris, London	30
Sister Hills, Blenheim	30
Sergt. Graham, Thamesville	30
Sergt. Dealring, Hespeler	28
Capt. Payton, Ridgetown	27
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Sergt. A. Rowatt, Bayfield	27
Sister Mrs. Cheeseman, London	26
Sister Hays, Blenheim	26
Sergt. Hilt, Thamesville	26
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S.M. Smith, Guelph	27
Sergt. A. Rowatt, Bayfield	27
Sister Mrs. Cheeseman, London	26
Sister Hays	

Lieut. Dales, Oshawa	25
Sergt. Stevens, Riverside	25
Lieut. Waide, Uxbridge	25
Mrs. Turner, Hamilton I.	25
Lieut. Marshall, Faversham	25
Sergt. Howell, Riverside	22
Ers. Stanton, Hamilton I.	22
Capt. White, Woodstock	22
Sergt.-Major Courtemanche, Kinmount	22
Mrs. Kennedy, Newmarket	22
Capt. Beaulieu, Monfort	22
Lieut. Craig, Meaford	22
Sister Stacey, Temple	22
Capt. Rose, Dovercourt	20
Sister Rose, Dovercourt	20
Capt. Thompson, Sudbury	20
Capt. Mainland, Oakville	20
Lieut. Crago, Oakville	20
Sergt. Shelly, Ligar St.	20
Bro. Young, Temple	20

EASTERN PROVINCE.

68 Hunters.

MAGGIE GRAHAM, Halifax I.	152
SERG. FLOOD, Hamilton Ber.	150
CAPT. JACKSON, Halifax I.	150
SERG. FLOOD, Hamilton Ber.	150
CAPT. GOODWIN, Charlottetown	113
CAPT. THOMPSON, Campbellton	100
CAPT. THOMPSON, Campbellton	100
SISTER E. WHITE, Houlton	100
James Kealey, St. George's	76
P. M. Ward, Charlottetown	76
Cadet Webber, Fredericton	70
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown	70
Sergt. Mrs. Olive, Carleton	70
Sergt. Mrs. Olive, Carleton	70
Mrs. Maybee, Charlottetown	62
Lizzie Lebars, Fredericton	62
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	60
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	60
Alma Treloar, Miramichi	50
Lieut. Kirk, Woodstock	50
Sister Curry, Woodstock	50
Sergt. Allen, St. John III.	50
Sergt. Allen, St. John III.	48
Lieut. Lynde, Lunenburg	45
Dave Jones, St. Georges, Ber.	45
Lieut. Duncombe, Fredericton	45
Lieut. Melkie, Hillsboro	45
Capt. Richie, Moncton	44
Capt. W. W. Clark, North Sydney	42
Capt. J. W. Clark, North Sydney	42
Cadet Gardiner, Fredericton	40
Lieut. Sharpsham, Carleton	40
Sister J. Smith, Hamilton, Ber.	40
Capt. A. Horwood, Fredericton	38
Chas. Brown, Westville	38
P. S. M. Chandler, St. John III.	38
Capt. McDonald, Kentville	37
Sergt. Pike, North Sydney	35
Sergt. Chislett, North Sydney	35
P. S. M. Chandler, St. John III.	35
Sergt. James Moore, Halifax I.	32
Lieut. McLeod, Westville	31
M. D. Dacey, North Sydney	30
Capt. N. Knight, Chatham, N.B.	30
Cadet Fudge, Fredericton, N.B.	30
Cadet Smith, Fredericton	30
Sergt. T. Kending, M. Sydney	28
Sergt. T. Kending, M. Sydney	28
Livia Lebars, Fredericton	26
Sister M. Wood, Moncton	26
Mrs. J. McDonald, Westville	25
Sister Pike, Hamilton, Ber.	25
Sergt. Smith, Fredericton	25
Sergt. Blatch, Charlottetown	25
Mother England, Chatham	25
Sergt. I. Keating, North Sydney	25
Sergt. Chandler, St. John III.	24
Patterson, St. John III.	22
Lieut. L. Selig, Clark's Harbour	22
Sec. Mrs. Pike, North Sydney	22
Sister G. Blackney, Moncton	22
Sister O. Conrad, Halifax I.	21
Sister Leach, Fredericton	21
Mrs. Patterson, St. John III.	21
Annie Pollock, Fredericton	21
Ensign Jennings, Moncton	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

25 Hunters.

MRS. CAPT. HOOKER, Wallace	131
CADET CRAWFORD, Butte	123
CAPT. BAILEY, Missoula	100
SISTER LEVIA, Victoria	100
Hannah Knudson, Nelson	92
Mrs. Adj. Ayre, Victoria	87
Capt. Leach, Spokane	87
Sergt. Glen, Helena	70
Capt. Noble, Helena	60
Cadet Long, Lewiston	55
Sister Harbison, Spokane	55
Mrs. McFee, Nelson	53
Capt. Thoen, Spokane	52
Capt. Haas, Lewiston	50
Florrie Ponge, Nelson	41
Sister Anderson, Helena	40
Sister Kennedy, Spokane	40
Capt. Hooker, Wallace	30
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	30
Mrs. Powell, New Whatcom	27
Mrs. E. E. E. Butte	24
Mrs. Rowe, Butte	24
Mrs. Berry, New Whatcom	24
Mrs. Ensign Alward, Helena	20
Lieut. Shanley, New Whatcom	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

17 Hunters.

Lieut. Anderson, Fargo	94
Lieut. Clarke, Laramie	73
Lieut. Anderson, Fargo	67
Mrs. Capt. Wilkins, Fort Arthur	67
Capt. Smith, Moose Jaw	64
Capt. Barrager, Prince Albert	60
Lieut. E. McConnell, Jamestown	59
Lieut. E. McConnell, Jamestown	59
Lieut. Hanger, Edmonton	46
Sergt. Burrows, Morden	46
Lieut. Halstine, Carberry	40
Lieut. Clark, Laramie	40
Capt. Stankes, Carberry	40
Capt. Patterson, Fargo	35
Capt. Burrows, Edmonton	35
Lieut. Bland, Minnedosa	22
Capt. Jarvis, Laramie	20

LITTLE DOROTHY,

The Child-Servant of the Poor.

The poor have friends that they know not of. It is not always the wealthy and influential who help to relieve the necessities of the helpless; sometimes it is the poor and most obscure who give a willing hand. The following is a touching incident of this latter class. A little girl of two years, the child of good parents, was, until a couple came and took her away to heaven, a Grace-Before-Meat boxholder, in her own name. Despite her tender years, she was intelligent enough to understand that she was the child of the poor, and the poorest of the poor, and

This Little Angel of Mercy

never forgot to remember Lazarus whenever an opportunity arose to help him. This is how it all came about. One day one of our Light Brigade Agents visited the house of the little girl, and pleaded the cause of the poor and helpless. To his great and agreeable surprise, she found that she had got into a house where there was already a Grace-Before-Meat Box, and that the parents were friends and helpers of the Army in many different ways. But little Dorothy, on her father's knee, took a liking to the Grace-Before-Meat Box, which our sister had introduced in the course of conversation, and she was allowed to handle it, and spell the pictures, if not the words, and her eyes and heart quickly took in the meaning of the pictures; and,

With Pleading Looks,

eloquent gesticulations, and childish talk, she drew her father's attention to them.

And so it happened that little Dorothy was allowed to have a Grace-Before-Meat Box of her own, and from that day she took a special interest in it, and it was placed upon the table at least every day. The pictures were always given the opportunity of contributing to the Box, Dorothy herself handling it round. But this sweet child and helper of the poor was

Taken to Heaven,

leaving many sorrowing hearts behind. When our Agent called to open the box, the parents said that Dorothy had passed away. The little child's heart was in her work. Her sympathies were enlarged, and her tender mind went out in pity to the neglected ones around her. What a rebuke to the cold soldier who would not be moved by an example of love and pity which all can emulate.—Social Gazette.

This simple story is a striking object-lesson! Even the youngest and least may help and take a part in philanthropic work. The little child's heart was in her work. Her sympathies were enlarged, and her tender mind went out in pity to the neglected ones around her. What a rebuke to the cold soldier who would not be moved by an example of love and pity which all can emulate.—Social Gazette.

HILLSBORO, N. B.—Praise God, we are still on the wave-pool. Our enemies are good, interest is rising, and we are believing for a winter of victory. Hal-lelujah!—Yours to win, Lieut. M. Melkie, for Capt. S. Taylor.

ST. JOHN III.—We are having victory since last report (two weeks ago). We have sought the blessing of our heart. 6 sinners sought and found pardon. Prospects are bright and promising for the Siege.—G.O.C., Corps Cor.



A RESCUE OFFICER PROMOTED.

Lieut. Glass Exchanges the Sword for the Crown.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

While our hearts feel sad at losing a warrior from our side, and our sympathy is extended to the bereaved ones, yet we have cause to rejoice that another soul is safe at home, and has triumphed over death. Lieut. Glass, who has been on furlough in Portage la Prairie for some time, passed peacefully away to be with Jesus, on Thursday, Jan. 19th, leaving behind her a bright testimony of her abundant entrance into the Kingdom.

While we were expecting the end, it came nearer than we first anticipated. The funeral service was a very impressive one, and all present re-consecrated themselves to God for His service. The funeral was held at the home of the family, and together with a large number of soldiers and friends, marched to the station, the body being sent to Ontario for interment. The hymn played, "Shall we gather at the hour," as the train pulled out.—J. C. H.

ANOTHER GAP IN THE RANKS.

From Brandon to Heaven.

Another comrade has gone from the Brandon corps to the realms of bliss. Comrade Fred Ruston was converted while Ensign (now Adj.) Thomas was in charge of the Brandon corps. This happened in the latter part of April, 1897. He was enrolled the following August, and by his life and testimony proved God's grace to be sufficient through the many trials of life.

He was taken to his final rest on the 5th of October, and while his sickness was a severe one, and one that affected his mind, yet he was ever sensible of the fact that Jesus saved him and would protect his soul. Who could not clear on any other question that was asked him, yet when asked about his soul his face brightened up with heavenly light, and his testimony was that Jesus was All in All.

Many of the comrades assisted him, and I saw him one week before he died, and though sinking fast his soul was steadfast. Publication Sergeant Major Joe Parker saw him last, and he was very bright in his soul. He died on Tuesday, Jan. 24th, at 1 p.m., and on Thursday, the 26th, we laid him to rest in the Brandon Cemetery. We had a very impressive service in the barracks. Many tears were shed, and I trust that the service will be productive of much good. Two souls came out of the next night.

We held a solemn service last night, and while none got saved, yet we are believing for many to come.—Ensign Robt. Smith.

P. S.—Our departed comrade was once an officer in Ontario.—R. S.

"GONE TO BE WITH JESUS."

Our comrade, Mrs. Sarah Pilley, has passed over the river. For six years she stood by the flag and officers, both in spiritual and temporal matters. Been a blessing to both saint and sinner. She will be missed very much, not only in the Corps, but right through the barracks. For six months she suffered beyond expression, but bore it all with patience, being fully resigned to the will of God. I visited her while sick and found that she feared no condemnation. Her message to the comrades was, "Fight on, be true!" She passed away on New Year's night. On the

following Wednesday we placed her remains beneath the sod to wait the great resurrection morn. Memorial service at night, when husband and son, with two others, sought salvation.—Tom Pitcher, Capt.

EARTH'S CONFLICT ENDED.

A Faithful Faversham Soldier Promoted.

God has visited Faversham corps and promoted Mother Mary Poole to Glory, at the age of 64 years. We say "Mother" for she was mother to everyone she came in contact with. She was converted among the Methodists when she was 15 years of age. She was then residing in the Township of Kings. She visited Collingwood when Capt. Sarah Crosby (who afterwards became the wife of Happy Bill Cooper) was in charge. They were having a Big Go-Commissioner's Conference, and D. O. Bailey were expected by train. A great march was to meet them at the station. Mother Poole came out of a store and saw many of the men, and asked a soldier if she would be permitted to march. This was not granted. None thought she would follow the march, and said to her son-in-law, "I'll never think that we should see religion carried out in such a manner." From that time she was a Blood-and-Fire soldier. Soon after this Faversham corps was opened, and Mother and her sister—Maggie Crawford—and her daughter, Mrs. Henderson, were all enrolled in the first enrolment. From the year 1885 till the time of her death, she was a devoted, godly soldier. Around the dying bed were Capt. Brant, Lieut. Cornish and her children. Capt. Brant sang, "When I am nearing Jordan's billows," also, "My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine." This was while she was gasping her last breath. Her children said, "Look!" and they saw a bright light shining her face. Just before she died she said, "Keep up the standard." Her desire was that I should conduct the funeral service, so arranged to be there. Her favorite words were, "There is no rest in heaven," which we sang for her. After a short service we adjourned to the barracks. At Lady Bank, a distance of 1½ miles, where a full audience awaited us, we opened another service, and after a few touching testimonies, we closed the service and carried the remains of Mother Poole to the grave, where her two sons, her son-in-law and grandson took their consoling, and in red uniforms, lowered her to her last resting place. This was at her request.

On Sunday afternoon the meeting was held at Lady Bank barracks. The barracks was well filled, considering the stormy weather. Hymns were sung and testimonies were given. Many of her own children. People went all over the house.

The Memorial Service on Sunday night was held at Faversham, where was gathered a large and sympathetic audience. Two sisters re-consecrated their lives to God, and we have no hesitations in saying that God was kind in the hearts of many.—Staff-Capt Geo. Mantion.

The tyranny of a multitude is worse than the tyranny of an individual.

THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

To those who think of travelling to the OLD COUNTRY, we would like to call special attention to the fact that we are now offering the Canadian Steamship Lines, on very favorable terms. For full particulars apply to J. C. Macdonald, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

